

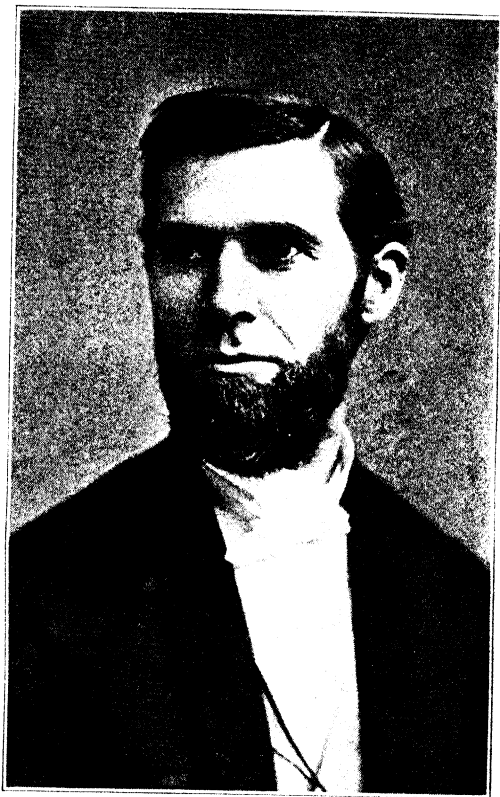


PRESENTED
BY THE
BOOK
COMMITTEE
OF THE
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS OF
PHILADELPHIA
AND VICINITY

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JOSEPH MOORE

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES

SERIES II

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONCERNING CERTAIN
MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JOSEPH MOORE, <i>by Anna Moore Cadbury</i> , . . .	1
SAMUEL MORRIS, <i>by Hannah P. Morris</i> , . . .	38
HEPSIBETH HUSSEY, <i>by Agnes L. Tierney</i> , . . .	67
JOHN AND ESTHER FOWLER, <i>by J. Wetherill Hutton</i> ,	87
ISAAC SHARP, <i>by Jane B. Haines</i> ,	150
JOSEPH S. ELKINTON, <i>by Howard W. Elkinton</i> , . . .	191
JOSEPH BEVAN BRAITHWAITE, <i>by Anna Braithwaite Thomas</i> ,	219
ANNABELLA ELLIOTT WINN, <i>by Elizabeth C. Winn and Lydia E. S. Richards</i> , . . .	275

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Joseph Moore,	Frontispiece
Earlham Hall, Earlham College,	8
The Museum in Lindley Hall, ..	24
Samuel Morris,	38
Roberts Mill,	42
The Morris House, Germantown,	47
The Home at Olney,	53
The Family Group,	65
Hepsibeth Hussey,	73
The Nantucket Home of Hepsibeth Hussey,	82
The Athens County Orphanage, Ohio,	106
The Fowler Home,	109
Scene at the Fowler Orphanage, Cairo,	121
Isaac Sharp,	150
Isaac Sharp's Home,	189
Joseph S. Elkinton,	197
Malinda P. Elkinton,	205
Among the 'Doukhobors, ..	214
J. Bevan Braithwaite,	219
The Braithwaite Home,	230
The British Bible Society,	237
Annabella E. Winn,	273
The Newport Friends' Meeting-house,	285
The Winn Home at Newport,	290

JOSEPH MOORE

1832-1905

*Said the Master to the youth;
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key ,
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force."*

From "The Prayer of Agassiz."

JOSEPH MOORE

Certain men are of interest to the biographer because they have done unusual things or seen unusual sights or lived under unusual circumstances. Certain other men are of interest because they have redeemed the commonplace ways of life by living them unusually well. Joseph Moore belongs to the second group. There is nothing extraordinary or spectacular about his career, but the power and charm of a rarely beautiful spirit permeated all he did and lifted his story above the ordinary.

He came of Quaker stock on both his father's and mother's sides. His paternal grandparents, Joseph and Peninah Parker Moore, migrated from eastern North Carolina to Indiana with many other Friends from the South who felt the wrong of slavery and wished to get away from the conditions it created. They left their southern home in 1819, crossed the mountains by wagon and settled with their family, including a nine-year-old son, John Parker Moore, at Canton, Washington County, Indiana, not far from

the Ohio River. Here they bought a quarter section of land from a man who had pre-empted it from the government shortly before. Their first home was a large log house with portholes over the door, but the record says that these staunch Quakers never used them for their original purpose, defense against the Indians.

It was to this home that John Parker Moore brought, as his bride, Martha Cadwalader in the year 1829. Her father, Joseph Cadwalader, had gone from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, as a young man and settled in Columbiana County, Ohio. There he had married Christina Hall, who died a few years later leaving their daughter Martha, a mere child. Some years later Joseph Cadwalader and his daughter moved to Indiana and bought a farm adjoining that of the Moores. Martha was a young girl of unusual beauty and intelligence, with a quick wit and a fine memory. One of her daughters says of her that "she could repeat more poetry than is read by the average young woman today." To this union were born eleven children, of whom Joseph Moore was the second child and eldest son. His birthday fell upon the 29th. of Second Month 1832, so that in his life of seventy-three years he had only eighteen birthdays. The leap year days

were made the occasion of several birthday parties in his honor in his later life.

The records of his boyhood home remind one of Whittier's "Snowbound." The simple, wholesome home life, the daily chores, the big living room and kitchen with their great open fire places which could take logs from six to ten feet long into their capacious arms, the apples and chestnuts roasting on the hearth on cold winter nights, the sincere religion of father and mother and the gathering of the household each day for Bible reading and devotion—all these phases of their life and many more were characteristic of the pioneer life of Friends in the Middle West. It illustrated much that was best in that life, its courage, its hardihood, its integrity, its vigor, its patient overcoming of difficulties, its eager outreaching for new opportunity, its fearless love of adventure. There was much that was hard and crude and ignorant and low to meet and overcome. But it was a school for real experience and strong character, where "project methods," "manual training" and "progressive" ideals were an unrecognized but potent reality. We are only beginning to realize what we owe to the men and women reared in that school.

The father of the family was a man of good mind and strong and upright character, but it

is to his mother especially that Joseph Moore owes much of his innate nobility and refinement. Even among the multitudinous cares of pioneer life with her large family, she found time to repeat to her children selections from Milton, Cowper and many others, and so gave them a taste for music and poetry and a love of the beautiful which went with them always. In a record of his early life he says, "My mother knew by heart an astonishing amount of verses, many of them good poetry. These she sang to us in our cradles and repeated for our instruction on a variety of occasions. For these verses I have often been grateful—they were an uplift and tended to cultivate a thirst for reading." The bond of love and sympathy between him and his mother was very strong and he frequently mentions her with warm affection in his diary.

The Meeting house was two and a half miles away. Every First day and every Fifth day the whole family attended meeting with unfailing regularity. Joseph was a boy of tender conscience and religious aspiration and a keen sense of right. His strong religious convictions and his unswerving loyalty to them, have their roots far back in his boyhood.

School opportunities were meagre. He went from four to six months a year, trudging two and

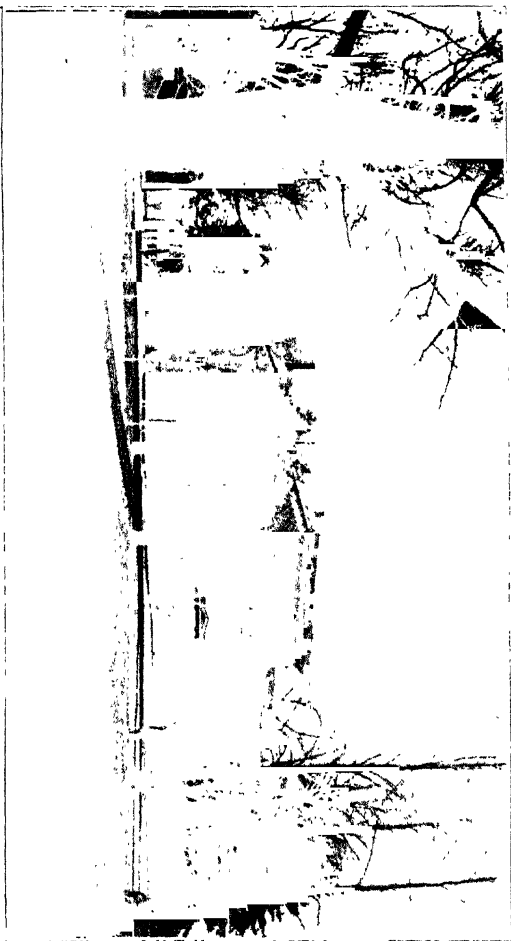
one-half miles each day with his brothers and sisters, through sunshine and rain. He had some good and some poor teachers, more of the latter sort, but he used every chance for education which offered. He read everything to be had in the neighborhood and got all the private tuition available. He heard, by accident, of a book on botany, the only one in the county, and he walked long miles to get it and studied it with zest. He planted a garden of wild flowers which surprised his family and neighbors, and classified them laboriously by its tables. This love of nature was a passion which went with him through life and was the foundation of his later work in science.

At the age of eighteen he began teaching in a country school in a nearby county, the next year he taught in Blue River Seminary and again in 1852-1853 he was in a third school. One of his pupils at that last school tells of her first day's experience. She had gone as a timid little girl who had never been to school before and sat beside her sister so bashful she could not raise her eyes. She had sat in fear and trembling most of the morning when she was surprised to feel a gentle hand on her head and looked up into a face so kind and loving that all fear left her heart and an association began there which

ripened into a lifelong friendship for this loved teacher.

Abram Trueblood, under whom he had been teaching, encouraged a desire already keen in his mind, to go on with his study, so in the Spring of 1853 he entered Friends' Boarding School at Richmond, Indiana, now Earlham College. Perhaps his father did not wholly sympathize with his ambitious son, but he put no hindrance in his way and sent him forth from the paternal roof with the gift of one dollar and a colt and told him to stay as long as he wanted. So the eager youth went forth on his quest and so began an association with Earlham College, which lasted, with brief interruptions, over half a century. Long years afterward, when students and alumni had met at the invitation of the Anglican Club to plant an oak tree and place a bronze tablet under it in honor of his long years of faithful service, he told this story and remarked with happy humor, that he had taken his father at his word and stayed a long time.

A few months after his entrance, he was invited, much to his surprise, to become an assistant teacher. He accepted the service humbly but gladly. In notes of this time, he writes, "I knew I was not qualified, but with determination I set out to try to fit myself to battle with big boys



FARMY HALL, FARMY COLLEGE, FARMY, ILL. The oldest building on the campus. Built in 1839, added to and altered several times since. Now used as a dormitory for Young Women. All of Joseph Moore's work for Farmy prior to 1880 is associated with this building.

and other difficulties. From this on I taught and studied, studied and taught until the Fall of 1859, when there began to be earnest talk of a college in place of a boarding school." Two of the faculty with whom he was most closely associated were graduates of Haverford, and they urged him to fit himself more fully for work in science by further study. There were difficulties in the way. His salary was small and he had spent most of his earnings in buying apparatus for his class room demonstrations, hence the financial problem was a serious one. But the lure of work at Harvard under such men as Agassiz, Wyman, Gray and Horsford, proved too strong. He spent two years of joyful study at Harvard and left with his degree of Bachelor of Science in 1861. There was much plain living and high thinking during these years. He decided to stay and study through the summer holiday one year, but his funds were so low that he had to use the strictest economy. In his diary at this time we read, "I am reduced to the necessity of boarding myself at dinner as well as at noon and morning meals. I felt discouraged for a minute or two at the way I should have to live and how I should miss a comfortable meal * * * * * but suddenly I felt ashamed that so trifling a thing should trouble me and resolved to be content and thank-

ful for the many blessings I enjoy." His diary is full of his love of nature, of the beauty of changing seasons, of delight in the grandeur of mountains and sea, which were new to him. It is full of his intellectual hunger and joy in its satisfaction, and through all breathes a spirit of deep religious devotion and a desire to be fitted for greater service.

Through these two years he greatly enjoyed association with Friends at Lynn where he regularly attended meeting on First day and much appreciated their kindness to him. He formed a warm and lasting friendship with John H. Dillingham, who was a student at Harvard with him, though in a different school. Burt G. Wilder, for many years on the faculty of Cornell University, was also one of his close friends.

Among the group of scientists under whom he worked at Harvard, Agassiz had the greatest influence. His contagious enthusiasm, his scientific accuracy, his genial personality and his profound reverence for the revelation of God in nature, made him a teacher of rare power and fanned to brighter glow those traits already burning in his teacher-pupil.

This entry in his diary dated just before he left Harvard is characteristic: "Well, two years of a short life have passed since I came to Har-

ward—*two years*. I have been trying to learn something. I have learned something, but really it seems that the chief thing I have attained is but a continuation of the lesson I had begun to learn before viz., that I know almost nothing and never shall know much, and that no man can know much in this life compared with what lies in the realm of the *vast unknown* at which my mind sometimes aches with a consciousness of its own incapacity and a vague conception of what lies beyond the limits of the known. And here before me lies a blessed Book which, during the past two years, I have not neglected but which I could not dare to say has received attention proportionate to its value. And though it is a book which one might read through in a week, yet it seems I have no more fathomed it than the volume of Creation. How many thousand passages, each a mine of wealth, of which I have only reached the surface meaning, how much of wisdom offered in it, which I have not yet made mine, how many warnings that I do not profit by and how many offers and promises that I do not accept or appreciate! None but an Infinite God could be the Author of Creation and the Bible. My soul live thou to love Him more and to be a better soldier of the Cross!"

He had given up hope of getting his coveted

degree at the end of his two years of study, as the faculty thought it too short a time in which to cover the work for it, but near the end of the last term the Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School said to him, "Moore, we have decided to let you try the examination." And so the reward of his earnest work was won. Haverford College conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1869 and a little later Indiana State University gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, but the one he prized was the hard-earned Bachelor's Degree from Harvard.

In the Autumn of 1861 he went back to Earlham College to take the chair of Natural Science. With renewed ardor, he entered again upon his teaching. He opened a laboratory, moved the Museum of Natural History in which he had been interested to larger quarters and put into it the specimens he had brought home from Boston and vicinity. Some of the work he taught was quite in advance of anything of its kind in the State. The five years which follow are filled with light and shadow. In the summer of 1862 he was married to Deborah A. Stanton at Springboro, Ohio, and two years of happiness followed. In the summer of 1864 a son was born to them but only four months later his wife died. He was recorded a minister of the gospel on the 22d.

of Second Month, 1865. In the summer following he went on a religious visit to Friends in parts of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. His work at Earlham was continued through all these varied experiences. One is impressed with the deep and abiding faith which sustained him through joy and sorrow, and with his humble, prayerful confidence in the love and goodness of his Heavenly Father. This trust and reliance are evident in all he has written of this time. Yet another change came to him with surprise and disappointment, when in the Fall of 1865 his health suddenly failed so seriously that he had to give up his beloved work at Earlham. For a time his recovery seemed uncertain, but gradually strength began to return.

Meantime a way of service was opening for him in another field; a field of much importance and of many difficulties but one for which his experience had well fitted him. This was the work of organizing the educational interests and building up the schools of Friends in North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee under the auspices of the "Baltimore Association of Friends to Assist and Advise Friends of the Southern States." The Association had risen in Baltimore under the leadership of that benevolent and wise philanthropist, Francis T. King. At first its care

had been given largely to relieving destitute Friends fleeing from war conditions in the South and passing through Baltimore en route to friends and relatives in the North, many of whom had gone to the Middle West before the war. But the members of the Association came to feel that it would be much better if Friends would remain on their old homesteads in the South, if only conditions could be made sufficiently comfortable to induce them to do so. These southern farms and homes had been ravaged by war. Their livestock and crops had been taken and the owners left stripped and discouraged. Their schools had been closed with a few exceptions and many of them destroyed. Books and equipment were lacking and the whole educational system broken and disintegrated. Not satisfied with superficial means of help the Association turned its efforts to rehabilitating the waste places, first by encouraging and improving agriculture and second by building up the schools under Friends. They were looking for a Superintendent of Education at the time when Joseph Moore had been compelled to give up his work at Earlham.

It seemed a heavy task and a strange undertaking for a man whose health was then so frail that he was not sure he would get safely to North Carolina or if he would ever get away alive, if

he did get there. But it seemed to him the way of duty and he cheerfully and bravely accepted it. Probably no three years of his life were more fruitful in permanent results than these which followed. To quote his own words, "I was earnestly pressed by some of my friends to accept the call. How to begin a work that was to call for the exposure, hardship and toil of head and hand, I did not know. But with change of climate and outdoor exposure for the first few months in going from mountain to sea and sea to mountain and over into Tennessee, came gradually increasing strength, so that for the three years I hardly missed three days. Three precious years they were with a people 'scattered and peeled' by war. There was experience enough in these years to make a volume." The pioneer spirit of adventure which belonged to his fathers was showing itself in him.

He was accompanied for the first few months by John Scott, a minister of Baltimore who already knew something of the field and who could share the responsibility and have care for the health of the new Superintendent. They went down from Baltimore through Richmond, Virginia, and landed in Greensboro, North Carolina, on Christmas Eve, 1865. Together they drove over roads, often all but impassable, in decrepit

wagons drawn by such steeds as the war had left and visiting in homes stripped and impoverished, but everywhere their loving service met a response in the hearts of the kindly Southern Friends, doors were opened to them with true southern hospitality and aid given them in their work.

Cartland in "Southern Heroes" says of the conditions they met, "Let it be noted that North Carolina's public school system previous to the war had been very inefficient, that the war had sunk the last dollar of her educational funds, and that now for years there had been but few schools in the State and almost none for the people at large. The school houses were few and far between and many of the schools which had been opened were in cast off cabins or old store houses at cross roads." Under these conditions in public education the constructive work of Friends was doubly important and the schools which they organized played a very large role in the reorganization of the state education. Governor Worth said of the work of the Baltimore Association, "This work of Friends is quite the most important move in the way of reconstruction that has come to my knowledge."

At first a canvass was made of the field to discover needs and possibilities and then the work

of rebuilding schools and training teachers began. Joseph Moore visited all the meetings of Friends in North Carolina Yearly Meeting, awakening interest in education. He noted the number of children, engaged teachers, enlisted parents in the rebuilding of school houses, sent for supplies, etc. Often a committee of the meeting was appointed to cooperate with him.

"The superintendent procured a magic lantern with slides illustrating geography, zoology, elementary astronomy, etc. These were carted over hills and valleys for hundreds of miles. The arrival of the 'showman,' according to appointment, crowded the old Meeting houses, and as the exhibits were free, it was all made educational. Many a boy and girl as well as many a parent, was helped to look up, not for the stars alone" (Cartland). We can hardly realize the dearth of intellectual and spiritual food, the hunger of mind and soul which brought multitudes to listen to lecture and sermon; for always preaching went hand in hand with teaching in the work of Joseph Moore and often they blended in one message of life.

One of the crying needs was for good teachers, so a normal school was organized in the summer of 1866 with the purpose of attracting men and women of ability and giving them courses in im-

proved methods of teaching and school management. The response to this opportunity was beyond all anticipation and the results evident in the schools almost at once. Others besides Friends were attracted to it, and visitors, many of them people of note, came from the country round about. This normal school, the first of its kind in the State, was continued each summer for some years and became the forerunner of the State Normal School.

All but four of the teachers employed by the Association during this early period were natives of the State, for the Superintendent and the Association wished to give them the financial advantage of the work and even more, they wished to put it on a self sustaining and permanent basis. In this, too, they built well.

Side by side with day schools, Bible schools were started and a school for training Bible teachers was carried on.

At the beginning of the work the Association had taken charge of twelve schools of low standard, with about six hundred pupils. By the end of three years, the number of schools had increased to forty, the pupils to 2558, the standard of work and efficiency of the teaching had increased even beyond the numbers, and an intellectual and spiritual uplift and outlook had been

felt through all the borders of North Carolina Yearly Meeting and beyond.

After three years of able and devoted service in this southern work, Joseph Moore accepted a call to the presidency of Earlham College. He entered upon this position rather reluctantly, he says, and with no thought of long continuing in it, because he loved teaching and wished to advance the work in science for which he had prepared himself at Harvard. But he remained at the post for fourteen years, doing the administrative work without dean or secretary and teaching at the same time botany, zoology and geology. He kept up with a never-waning enthusiasm his collecting and classifying for the museum. He was active in the ministry both at the college and outside of it. He was in frequent demand as a lecturer and he was always the encouraging and helpful friend of teachers and pupils.

He speaks with warm appreciation of the scholarship and ability, of the devotion and loyalty of the group of men and women who worked with him to build up Earlham College in those early years. The College was greatly hampered for lack of funds and, two years after he became president, he went before the Yearly Meeting to ask for an endowment of fifty thou-

sand dollars, a very large sum in those days in Indiana. There were many doubtful souls when the proposition was made, but with a sense of the importance of the issue upon him and with an enthusiasm which carried all before it, he said, "We can raise it, fifty poor men like me can raise it" and pledged himself for one thousand dollars. This incident is typical of his leadership and the spirit of self-sacrifice, which marked his work.

Through these years of untiring activity and arduous responsibility, he was leading the minds of his pupils into new discoveries of truth and creating an atmosphere of practical idealism and an appreciation of spiritual values which touched many young lives vitally. He lived his own life into the lives of his pupils to an unusual degree. When it was announced that he would lay the cornerstone of Lindley Hall, one of his old pupils wrote from far away, "He *is* the cornerstone, he can't lay it." Another one who became himself a rare teacher said of him, "He is the teacher among our presidents—inspiring, conscientious, progressive; when we got away to university centers, we saw that the world was doing its best thinking along the lines by which he had led us. When we have forgotten all else, we will thank God that, whether he was praised

or blamed, he stood by the truth as it appeared to him."

In the Spring of 1872 Joseph Moore was married to Mary Thorne at Selma, Ohio, and so began a union of more than thirty years of loving comradeship. Three daughters and a son were born to them. His warm and affectionate nature needed a home and it called out his chivalry, his love of children and his unselfish sympathy. She too was devoted to her home and family, a woman of quiet and retiring disposition and of much refinement and charm. Her steadfast loyalty to him and his purposes was a constant support and strength to him. There was need of close economy and self-denial in the home life, but also there was a fine and wholesome simplicity, a love of the beautiful, an appreciation of intellectual and spiritual ideals and a loving cooperation which radiated strength and inspiration. It was here that the sincerity and sweetness of his Christian faith and experience found its fullest and finest expression.

Joseph Moore was liberated from his college duties in the Fall of 1874 for a trip through the Western States to the Hawaiian Islands. This was a large and momentous undertaking in those days. A religious concern and a desire for scientific study and research were his motives in

going. He went with a minute from his Monthly Meeting and visited Friends in towns and cities on his way to San Francisco. From there he took a ship for Honolulu and spent six months of charming exploration and adventure in the Islands. He studied the geology of volcanoes and almost lost his life by falling into a steam crack at the crater of Kilauea. He explored the coral reefs and gathered specimens of the various kinds to take home with him. He preached and lectured sometimes to whites, sometimes through an interpreter to the native Hawaiians. He made many valued friendships, especially with the missionary Titus Coan and his wife, whose friendship lasted through life. All the botany and geology of these wonderful islands appealed keenly to his scientific interest, all its charm and beauty roused the poet in him almost to ecstasy. His letters from there are full of joy and wonder. "A summer dream," he calls the experience, "that has been dreamed over a thousand times since." He came back by sailing vessel, partly for economy, partly for the novelty, and reached San Francisco again, bringing about twenty barrels of specimens for his precious museum. He returned to his home with joy and to his work with new zest, but in lecture or conversation he never tired of telling his experiences in Hawaii.

For ten years more he held the helm. One is impressed in reading his own words, with his foresight and vision for Earlham College and with his practical plans for increasing its endowment, enlarging its equipment and extending its influence. He is working toward new buildings and a larger faculty. He realizes clearly the importance of education to the Society of Friends and its leavening influence through the Middle West. He would have an education which broadens outlook, deepens culture, teaches humility, develops intellectual and spiritual power in unison, and equips the whole man for practical Christian service. He says, "A membership well educated in that broader sense of which I have spoken, means a wealthier people, a larger-hearted, humbler-minded people with more power and influence with the world in general and with the sister churches of Christendom. It means sweeter and better enlightened homes, better parents and children, better citizens, more and better missionaries, more men and women of science and letters if not more writers, much abler ones than our average, better preachers and more teachable and reverent hearers."

In 1883 he resigned the presidency, and as his health was not good, he returned to North Caro-

lina which had done so much to restore him twenty years before. The same warm-hearted hospitality received him again. He was at this time connected with New Garden Boarding School. For one year he travelled in its interest and then for three years was its principal. It was during this time that he raised the curriculum and standards of scholarship to college grade and the school became Guilford College. He was urgently invited to become its first president. He loved the people and the work in North Carolina, but at this time came again a call from Earlham, which gave him the chance to do the work he most loved, teach science and to move to larger quarters and more fully classify his museum. So with his family he returned to Earlham and the home he had built just off the college campus. Here for twenty-one years he lived and worked, teaching and preaching. He held the chair of Geology and Zoology and was Curator of the Museum. During his last years he was stricken with a slow paralysis and finally was obliged to give up his teaching, but so long as he was able he worked among his specimens and with growing insight and power preached the message of gospel love.

His life work found expression in three ways,



Joseph Moore in his Museum in Lindley Hall, showing a portion of the mounted Skeleton of the Mammoth.

all closely inter-related. He was scientist, teacher and preacher.

In thinking of his work in science, the lines from "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," which he often quoted in appreciation of his beloved teacher, seem equally fitting for Joseph Moore.

And nature the old nurse took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more wonderful tale.

In his diary of Third Month 13th. 1860 is this entry: "I find myself again at Cambridge. Have commenced the study of Comparative Anatomy. * * * * * In my pursuit of science, may I constantly be inspired by the highest motive, that of learning more of God, as He has displayed Himself in all that He has made. * * * * * God is the author of truth and how can we be better employed than in searching into such things as He has given us the power and longing to inves-

tigate. The universe is, after all, His plan, His arrangement, the work of the Divine Mind. Since omniscience is one of His attributes, the man that knows the most is, in this respect, most like his Maker. But what would our great Sovereign Ruler be without the higher attributes of Love, Mercy and Purity. So we, in order to be in His image and likeness, must grow in grace as well as in intellect."

This expression, written so early in his life, is characteristic of his attitude of mind throughout his work. He loved nature devoutly because he found truth there and truth, all truth, was of God. Nature to him was a book of Revelation and he read it reverently and conscientiously. The study of science was a high intellectual and spiritual adventure and he followed fearlessly wherever it might lead. Once convinced of a truth he was unwavering in his fidelity to it through evil report or good report. In class-room or on lecture platform he warmed the dry details of scientific facts with the glow of his own passionate ardor. He was a poet scientist, and grandeur or beauty in nature often made him literally sing for joy or chant a fitting poem from his well-stored memory.

His greatest single achievement for science was his museum, which he built up with steady

patience from his very first years at Earlham. When he came there he found a collection of scattered minerals and fossils in a cupboard underneath an old bookcase, "which altogether would hardly have filled a peck measure" he wrote. In a few years two large cases in the lecture room of Earlham Hall were crowded to overflowing. All the time he was at Harvard he collected additional material, so that when he returned the museum was moved into a room of its own. While he was going from end to end of North Carolina in his work of educational reconstruction, his eyes were open for treasures. This was a rich field and he brought back a large addition. We have mentioned the twenty barrels of plants, corals and volcanic rock brought back from the Hawaiian trip. All this collecting was done at his own expense. By this time a move to still larger quarters was necessary. On his return from Guilford College in 1888, he moved the whole collection to the room provided for it in the new Lindley Hall. He was much disappointed that it could not be housed in a fireproof building at this time. No one knew as he the full value of the collection, and surely no one else realized as he the long hours and days of patient toil in collecting, moving, arranging and classifying which it represented. His fear

proved well founded, for in the Fall of 1924 the building was burned to the ground. Due to the heroic efforts of his successor, Prof. Allen D. Hole and his helpers, during the fire and after it, some three-fourths of the collection was saved.

Joseph Moore was known as a scientist all through his part of the country and was frequently notified of findings of scientific interest. It was thus that in 1889 some men digging a ditch on a farm north of Richmond sent word to him of some queer bones which they had unearthed. These proved to be the skeleton of the huge fossil beaver, *Castoroides ohioensis*, of special interest because of its rarity. It was mounted under his direction, the only known specimen perfect enough to be mounted. A modern beaver's skeleton stood beside it and showed by contrast its great size.

When Barnum's big elephant Tipoo Sahib grew unmanageable and had to be shot, Joseph Moore asked for the skeleton and mounted it. For years it held the place of distinction for size among his specimens in anatomy. But in 1895 word was sent him again of an unusual find in digging and he responded with his usual interest. This time he found a large part of the skeleton of the fossil *Mastodon americanus*. His enthusiasm was again unbounded over his dis-

covery. Supplemented by another find of the same fossil in Ohio and by a few casts of bones, he was able to mount this huge figure beside his big elephant which dwindled to interesting smallness in comparison. His whole summer vacation was spent in preparing and mounting it with the help of an assistant. The break in his health dates from these strenuous but happy days. These are only outstanding illustrations of his devotion to this scientific work.

As an inducement for a better housing and out of the largeness of his generosity, Joseph Moore had offered to give the Museum to Earlham, if suitable quarters were provided for it. Hence when Lindley Hall was built he moved it to its new room and formally gave it to the Trustees. But for ten years longer he worked over it, adding to it and classifying it with loving care, till at last his weary hands could do no more. His own words written in 1900 reveal the purpose of these years of service, "It has always seemed to me in passing through a systematically arranged museum, that the mind and hands that planned and arranged it were aiding the Divine Creator in revealing Himself to men."

Prof. Agassiz of Harvard said of him that he was at that time the best scientist west of the Allegheny Mountains, but that great as he was

as a scientist, he was greater as a Christian man, and that the atmosphere created at Earlham by Joseph Moore and his associates, was such as to inspire and lead upward all who placed themselves under its influence.

To him there was no conflict between science and religion. He taught in the days when the discoveries of science were challenging long accepted dogma and when many men clung to the tradition of their faith and feared for the very foundations of religion. With his fearless courage he faced the truths of science as fuller revelations of God, and with his simple faith he penetrated through hindering creeds and found the same God speaking in love to his own soul. So, out of his own deep experience, he led many bewildered and troubled souls to a clearer light and a deeper faith. Through class room, lecture and sermon he showed his hearers that there could be no conflict in the truth, whether it came through nature or through religion. One of his pupils says—"He was our intellectual and spiritual leader. In this capacity he was as courageous as he was untiring. For a generation of men he took our common membership into his confidence. He concluded forty years ago that the world was over six thousand years old. He believed in the regenerative influence of truth.

This new thing must be taught to the membership and he undertook the Herculean task * * * * He knew no policy but to tell the truth. With the homely illustrations and the good heart of Abraham Lincoln he won at every step and we came into the new way of thinking without a jar."

That Joseph Moore was a great teacher, the spontaneous appreciation of hundreds of students whose lives he touched gives witness. He had a winning personality and an attractive figure. He was of medium height, slender build and alert and graceful bearing. His voice was flexible and mellow and full of expression but it was his face that drew old and young to him, by his genial smile and the kindly light in his blue eyes. However, those eyes could flash with indignation at injustice or untruth and his righteous scorn was not easy to forget, once felt. It is difficult to define all the sources of his greatness. One who was a student at Guilford College, when Joseph Moore was there, said recently, "It was what he was himself that drew us to him, so that we were ready to listen to what he said. Out of the fulness of his own abounding life he spoke to us." An Earlham pupil at a later date says—"Ignorance, idleness and prejudice fled from his class room and there came

into our hearts the love of beauty, the love of manliness in his presence, because he stood as the embassy of his message." He had the quiet poise and assurance of one who has found a firm foundation on the rock of truth where waves of criticism and winds of controversy do not shake him. He had the fine simplicity of one who has seen with clear eyes the essential things and so can let trivial things fall into right place. He was just and generous and unselfish. With quick sympathy he responded to even a timid approach of an earnest learner. His patience and forbearance were very great. He had a genial humor and a playful fancy which gave warmth to his teaching but left no sting with it and he had a gift for apt illustration. He himself said, "I have loved three things—my students, the subjects I taught, geology, botany, etc., and I have loved to teach." One of the great secrets of his power over youth was his own youthfulness of spirit. He never grew old at heart. He was always the eager, joyful, hopeful youth, out on the great quest, "following the gleam." A fuller revelation, a deeper meaning, a richer experience always beckoned him on. Even so he faced death. In one of his last chapel talks, after he had described several journeys he had made and told of the helpful and glad experience they had brought

him, he spoke of the last journey and said, "This on which I am now going is one about which I have thought more and toward which I have looked and do look with gladder anticipation, than any of the others. I do not shrink from it, I go on it gladly."

As far back as 1865 his gift in the ministry was recognized and he responded to the call in much humility but with fidelity and courage. Many of the qualities which made him helpful as a teacher also equipped him for service in the ministry. He believed both calls came from his Father and he was loyal to both. His ministry was characterized by great simplicity and clearness. He loved to tell the story of the crude mountaineer, whom he overheard remark, after a meeting in a log house in the mountains of North Carolina, "I know that man aint got no larnin. I could understand every word he said." "That," he would add, "was one of the best compliments I ever had."

His greatest sermon was his sincere, faithful, practical living of the truth he taught. He was no theologian and wearied of dogmatism and theological debate. They seemed trivial and unimportant to him, useless scaffolding which concealed the beauty of the temple. The only real religion was a personal experience of God in the

heart, a living into every relation of life the spirit of Jesus Christ. He believed with all his soul in righteousness. The love and goodness of his Father were as real to him as life. Jesus Christ was his Savior and Friend. He yearned to know Him better. He loved to do His will. Out of this abiding faith and love, he spoke directly to other hearts and the power of the Spirit was felt in his ministry. He was peculiarly helpful to those in sorrow. The things of the Spirit were so real to him that he brought comfort to those who needed assurance of them. In his own last hours he said, "My God, my Father is very near, and very dear, and very sweet. He seems as real as the air and the stars."

The key to his life, the source of his power for good, the impulse which directed his varied activities, was a deep and abiding love of the truth so far as he could find it, and a constant joy in telling it to others.

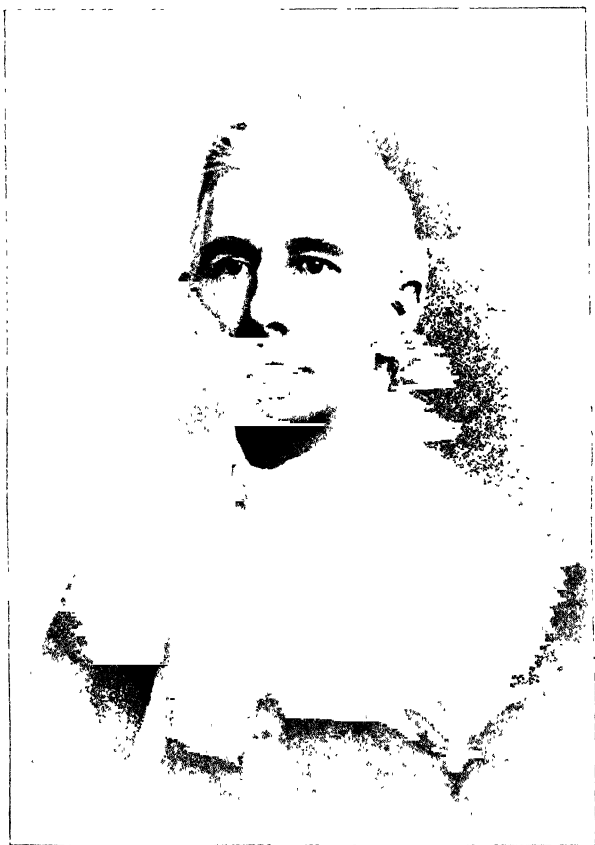
Out of the rich experience of his long life, he quoted near the close Christ's reply to Pilate " 'To this end came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth.' This makes the truth preeminent, the first thing." To one of his young friends who had called when he was not able to see him, this message was sent down, "Give him my love and tell him the great truths grow

clearer and brighter with the passing of the years"; "Tell them the last word is God, life and love, and that covers all,"—these were his parting words. He fell quietly asleep on the afternoon of Seventh Month 9th, 1905.

Dr. Zaccheus Test, a man of rarely beautiful character and a friend of Joseph Moore since the days when they taught together in Friends Boarding School before it became Earlham College, spoke thus of him after his death. After quoting the words, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile," he continued, "He was the most guileless person I ever knew. He never assumed a mask of any kind. Absolute sincerity characterized him in thought, word and deed. He was always true to himself and hence, in the highest sense, he was always true to others. In him you felt you had a friend on whom you could lean with perfect confidence and find support and comfort in all life's trials and troubles. * * * * Such a friend I, at least, for more than half a century found in Joseph Moore. With his acquaintance a new force and influence for the right, the true and the good seemed to come into my life, the beneficent effect of which I have realized more and more to this very day. And I am sure I am only one of many, *very many*,

here and elsewhere, who from 'their heart of hearts' are ready to bear the same testimony to the inspiring, uplifting, strengthening and sustaining quality of his faithful friendship. There was something in him that always seemed to make God and goodness a deeper living reality to you, to confirm you in the Christian life and to give a higher impulse to your whole being. * * * * * He claimed for the Gospel an unshrinking and unflinching application to all the relations and situations of public and private life. In a word, he so taught and lived the Christian life, so commended and beautified it by his example that he was to me, as I more than once told him, what Luther said every Christian man ought to be, 'A Christ, as it were, to his neighbor.' He would himself have shrunk, as far as any one, from any self-appropriation of the saying of St. Paul: 'Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ.' But that is certainly the great silent lesson which the life he lived has for us. * * * * * The perfect sanity, sincerity, and simplicity of his Christian character lend a sweetness and fragrance to his memory that can never lose their attractive force and sacred charm. The Christian life is the one argument which the scoffer and the skeptic can neither

gainsay nor resist. Such a living, appealing argument for the reality of religion was Joseph Moore to those among whom he so long lived and moved; and only when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed will all the precious fruits of that life of his be finally and fully disclosed."



SAMUEL MORRIS.

SAMUEL MORRIS

1827-1905

“Looking back over the past, a quiet, soul-satisfying peace is mostly my portion, not because I have done so much, but that my best has been given to the Best of Masters, and as such, it has been accepted so graciously.”

Written by **SAMUEL MORRIS** *to his sister*
BEULAH MORRIS RHOADS 1905.

SAMUEL MORRIS

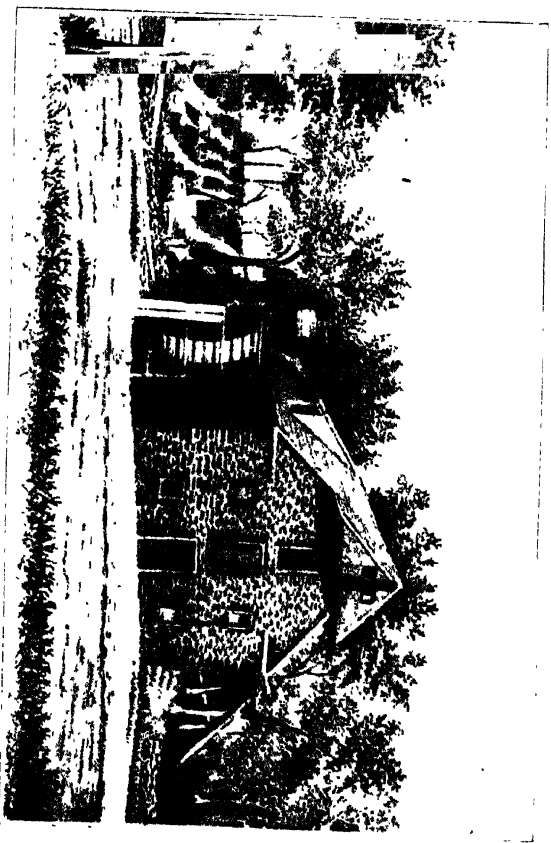
Let us think of a quiet autumn day with warm lights and shadows, a haze rising from the frosted leaves, and a cackling of blackbirds flocking southward. In the doorway of his home stood a little Germantown boy in the year 1837. With his father's consent he had borrowed a pony, and mounting the saddle he rode down Church Lane, till he came to an old mill of Revolutionary fame.

He may have been thinking of the time when Lydia Darrach, a Friend from Frankford, rode there with her grist of flour, but also aided her country by telling Washington's officers of her overhearing a plan of the British, quartered at her house. Or the boy may have watched the great wheel beside the mill revolving slowly as the water fell upon it. At all events, his pony saw it and, leaping sidewise, the child was thrown from his back. Both boy and pony were surprised, but the lad mounted again and turned homeward. When he came to his own door his father stood on the broad steps watching for him. What a wealth of love there was between

these two, Samuel B. Morris and his son Samuel. His three children were ever uppermost in the parent's thoughts. Their mother had died when they lived in the Philadelphia home at Seventh and Walnut Streets, and they all missed her sadly.

One day the father made a mistake which alarmed him; he took little Samuel into a toy store and, unobserved, picked up a mask, put it on playfully and faced the child. Screams of terror were so violent that he could scarcely be quieted and made to understand the joke.

The Germantown home of Samuel B. Morris had about it the air of history. Tradition tells us that King William IVth. had stayed there as a boy when he was in the navy, and with him was Lord Howe. All the cows in the neighborhood had been taken away by their owners except one next door which was hidden in a root cellar. But naturally the cow was lonesome, and her bellowing told her whereabouts, so Lord Howe ordered his officers to go there and bring him a pail of milk. This was on the eve of the Battle of Germantown, in which the Americans were defeated. You will find much delightful information of those days in a little "Guide Book to Historic Germantown," in which the writer, Charles Francis Jenkins, invites his readers to take



Robert's Mill, built in 1685, a landmark for several generations. No vestige of it remains. 1926. It was located on a batch of Winneboken Creek near Church and West Streets, Middletown. The picture from which this brochure was taken was etched on zinc.

walks about the old town, and describes the ancient houses, and the people that once lived in them.

But really to have a home where Washington had lived, to sleep in the same bedroom, to play in the same garden, to know that the trees, the box-bushes, the coach house had all belonged to the President, would not that make you feel very near to "the Father of his Country"? It was in 1793 that Washington rented this house in Germantown because of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, and sent his stepson, Park Custis, to the Academy adjoining the garden. The vane of this school has the shape of a British crown still upon the cupola. So when forty years later the house on the main street was bought by Samuel B. Morris, the children must have loved the flavor of history that clung about the place, and listened with keen interest to the tales told by the old German neighbors.

One day, Samuel, the son, then a mere lad, was the only member of the family at home, and an officer of the City Troop called and insisted on possession of a letter from General Washington, which had been written to the great-grandfather, Samuel Morris, thanking him for their services during the American Revolution. "No, you cannot have it," said the boy; "it would

foster in you the military spirit." Chagrined, the officer said to his comrade, "this child has the courage of a martyr." As Captain of the City Troop and a personal friend of Washington, Samuel Morris, the great-grandfather, had several of his large family of sons as an escort riding with him, one of these, Israel W. Morris, of Green Hill, in middle life had his sword made into a carving knife as a testimony for peace.

Daniel Pastorius, a hundred years earlier, had made a great name by his learning and position as head and lawgiver of the settlement; truly great, for he is now remembered for his protest against slavery which he persuaded Germantown Friends to sign and send to the Yearly Meeting. This was a new idea to the Colonists for everyone, who could afford to do so, owned Negroes, and nearly two centuries had to pass before freedom was proclaimed for them. Whittier's poem, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," tells you about that time, and how the wife of Pastorius helped him. This was a book that Samuel Morris loved.

There were very few volumes for children seventy years ago; "Sanford & Merton" was one of the first, and Samuel Morris could read at the age of five, so as a reward for finishing that story, he had Robinson Crusoe given him. "Parents' Assistant" he poured over, the Penny Magazine

from London, full of pictures, and Peter Parley's many books were all wholesome and enjoyable.

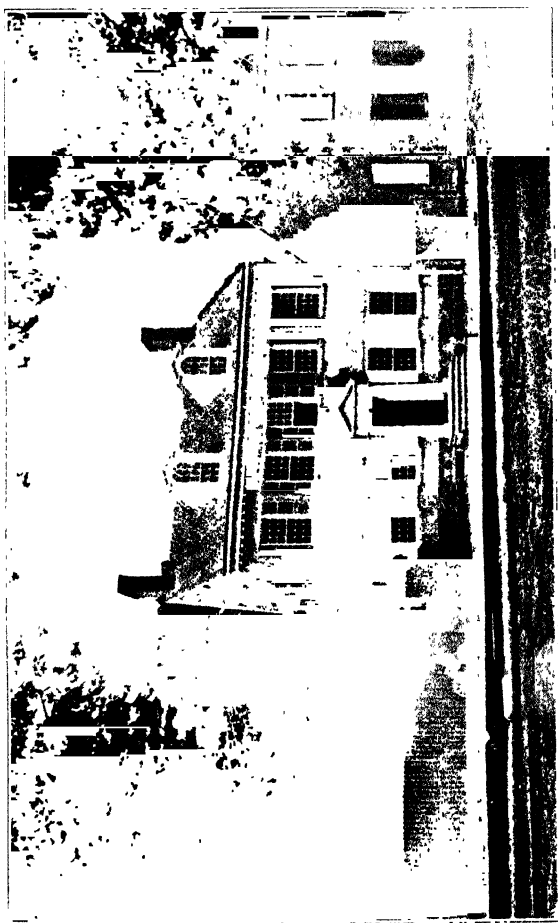
He was taught as a little fellow to learn verses by heart, and on every First day evening all three children would sit by the blazing fire, and recite for their father in turn. This made the hymns and poems so firmly fixed in their minds that they could never forget them and gave them good food for thought all through their lives.

Yet sometimes a mischievous spirit would come and tempt them to do wrong. The little sister would give way to fits of passion and her father thought it right to whip her for this; it seemed the best cure, because this taught her self-control and she grew up a good woman. But to his boys, he said, "There is one point I have left out of your education, I have never whipped you." He felt that in their case, they generally obeyed him, when he explained why a thing was wrong. Nevertheless the little Samuel had a taste of the rod elsewhere. He often visited an aunt in the country; and to run about the farm was his delight. A fine flock of turkeys attracted him. When they went to roost in the cedar trees at night, he would chase them down in order to see them flutter. "Sam, if thou does that again I will whip thee," said his uncle. Promptly another stick was tossed into the air and another

turkey flew, at which the boy was seized and thrashed as had been threatened; he knew he deserved this.

There was no time for lounging and saying on a holiday, "Oh, what shall I do?" for these brothers had a turning lathe given them by their grandmother, and they had a carpenter-shop in the garden corner, where many an hour was improved by making boxes, rolling pins and other gifts for their friends. Then too they had lessons in basketry and harness sewing which they turned to real account. Another pastime was to collect cocoons and caterpillars, putting them in cages made of wood, covered with gauze on one side, being given branches to eat and then watching the beautiful butterflies come out the next spring.

The children were not kept apart from others, but their friendships were with those who also had careful training. One cousin, Robert B. Haines, was the playmate of Samuel and about his own age. Together they rambled and scrambled among the rocks of the Wissahickon playing "Indians," or with their brothers and sisters they would go with dinner baskets packed to the meadows, the youngest would be crowned "Queen of May"; again the boys would dash by crying, "Oh young Lochinvar is come out of the



The Morris Hotel on Main Street, Greenvtown, Phila. BUILT 1774
In 1793, during the Yellow Fever epidemic, it was the home for a few months of President George Washington and wife. It came into the Morris family in 1834 by purchase from the Hixson-Peot Estate and was the home of Samuel Morris until his marriage.

west" and the girls would scamper, healthy, happy little folk, you see; in winter skating and coasting, or in summer flying kites which they had made. One was so big that the heavy cord could not hold it, away it sailed into the clouds and they never saw it again. But fifty years later, Samuel Morris woke one night, shouting in his sleep that the kite had been found.

Since his own mother (Hannah Perot) had died when he was six years old he turned to Jane B. Haines, the mother of his friend Robert, she helped him by her motherly way and her heart-to-heart talks with him; he saw in her family as well as in his own the graces and delights of a Christian home, where respect and love were mingled, where only healthful amusements were allowed, where innocent play was encouraged, where no rudeness was known.

One day Samuel Morris was lying on the grass watching a flock of swallows circling in the air overhead. He picked up a stone and threw it at them; a bird dropped at his feet, fluttered in its death pangs and then its eyes closed, its heart stopped, it lay still. "Oh, beautiful creature," he thought, "have I been the cause of this suffering, have I destroyed an innocent happy life? I will never be so cruel as to kill again for sport"; and he kept his word. He was greatly

pleased at another time to watch a field-mouse, which had her nest in a pile of logs he was moving; she wanted to put her little ones in a safe place and she carried them one by one (as a cat does her kittens) to an empty crow's nest in a tall tree.

A story was lately told of him by a man who went as scholar to the Germantown Academy. Samuel and Elliston P. Morris, his brother, were passing by and the crowd of fellows let fly a shower of snow balls; one, hard with ice, struck the former in the face, and you know how it hurt. He only said "If you do that again, I will hit you," and walked on, his dignity shaming them.

Let us see how these brothers were dressed. Black trousers down to their low shoe tops, short black cloth jackets reaching to the waist, broad white turn-over collars and silk hats, stiff and prim; they must have looked like the lads in old primers. But underneath the trim clothes there were warm hearts and lively spirits.

Journeys to New York with his father were a great event to Samuel, for railroad trains were just beginning to connect the large cities; or a party of four would go by carriage to Long Branch or Schooley's Mountain, gaining a close acquaintance with the intervening country, and then writing or talking happily of it to their

schoolmates on their return. No automobiles rushed then at such speed that all sense of serenity or security was lost.

Another trait we note in the training of Samuel Morris; his father was kind but firm in insisting that the children should eat what was set before them on the table, and also that no waste should be allowed on their plates. This was sometimes hard to do, but they could see the wisdom of it after they grew up, for in his travels among all kinds of people, he was often confronted with new and strange dishes, or a style of cooking different from that at home; had he declined them, the hostess would have been pained.

In his father's house, a family school of nine children (six of them neighbors) was held in the summer-house in the garden; bantams and a peafowl walked about the door, pigeons cooed on the roof, nearby were little flower beds of their own planting, and another plot where they raised vegetables and sold them to their father, making out a neat bill with price of each item. They had a literary society called "The Eradelphian" and a Budget-box where each contributor put his poem or essay, and these were read aloud at their fortnightly meetings. Many Friends came as visitors to this home, and they were

made welcome, invited to the meetings for worship, where often they would minister to the few there gathered. Often at the Bible reading at the breakfast table, they would offer a prayer with the household, and the boy Samuel would listen reverently to their inspired words. He knew that his father was an earnest Christian, and he wondered how he could reach the same blessed state.

When he was twelve years old, a gifted and cultured minister, Joseph John Gurney from England, came to Philadelphia and had good service among the people; while in Germantown, he made his home with Samuel B. Morris. He took the little boy beside him on the sofa, held his hand, and said he had a message for him, that he felt that God would use him as a minister when he came to be a man, and that he must be faithful to his Heavenly Father now in childhood. After this the serious side of life came more strongly before Samuel Morris, and one day a visitation of Divine Love swept over his soul, and he saw his future journey to Australia and other islands of the Pacific. How and when this would be done, he could leave, but through the years that came between he often felt the same heavenly vision, the same prospect. As a boy he was preserved from gross sins, and his

earthly father's protecting care guarded him, but he doubted the truth of religion, and sometimes yielded to the temptation of spiritual pride.

When the time came for him to go to Haverford, he had many struggles with this evil, passing through the stage of self-will and despair. To this, he afterward looked back with horror, and could only thank his Heavenly Father's goodness in saving him from it. His wish to be great as a scholar was humbled, and he was made glad to be a learner in the school of Christ. You may have an idea that good children are apt to die young, but here was one who lived to old age, and so drank in the Christ-like spirit that five talents were given to him and to them five more were added.

After leaving Haverford, he said he wished to be a farmer; so his father sent him to learn plowing and sowing and other parts of that business. His teacher was a good Friend from England, John Benington, who had a home at Glen Mills, Delaware County, Pa. When Samuel had spent two or three years thus, his father bought him a tract of land at Olney, six miles north of Philadelphia. It overlooked a winding stream called the Tacony and the fields and forests sloped gently to the south. Here the new house was built and the new home was begun.

Samuel Morris had learned that prayer is needed in all the affairs of life, but one of the most important steps is marriage and to be guided in the right choice we must ask our Heavenly Father's help, and take time to consider. There was a little girl named Lydia Spencer, who had been invited from her country home at Gwynedd, Pennsylvania, to come to the school at Samuel B. Morris's house. She had brown curly hair, and was very attractive; she grew up with the children and went to West-town. Then when they were old enough to know their own minds, a great love came into her heart and that of Samuel Morris, a love that lasted till death should separate them, a love that neither illness nor trial could quench. The wedding was at the country home at Gwynedd in the winter of 1853. As was the custom, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, six in all, stayed two days after the marriage and then accompanied Samuel Morris and his wife to Olney, and had a merry house-warming, as one of the girls records their playing "Pussy wants a corner," "Hind-most of three" and "Blind man's buff" in the guest chamber. A wedding journey was not thought necessary in those days.

Lydia knew much about good management, her mother had taught her to sew and knit, to



The home of Samuel Morris at Olney, N. Y., is shown; residence of his daughter
Harold P. Morris

cook, to keep house neatly and without waste, so she made an excellent wife and mother. She was a quiet woman and most of her time was spent in caring for her three children. Meeting was four miles away, at Germantown, but the drive was always taken on First and Fifth days, no matter how cold or how hot, how rainy or how dusty. As to Yearly Meeting, Samuel Morris could say he had never missed a session of it, from his 12th. to his 78th. year, except when he was in other countries, or at a funeral once or twice.

It was when he was about thirty years old that he felt a call "to speak in meeting," and his loving spirit drew others to prayer and praise. You remember the story of the sun and wind, how each tried to draw the traveller's cloak from him and how the sun could do it by his warm beams, while the wind failed by his blustering manner. There are many people who wrap themselves in a cloak of reserve or of timidity, who can be won to a wiser way by a kind human touch and a word of sympathy. This was the mission of Samuel Morris, to win souls by pointing out the blessings of religion while living close to Christ himself.

He often felt drawn to go to Meetings among Friends in different parts of the country, and to

visit them in their families. This was weighty work for a young man, and he knew it to be so, but the way was made clear as he simply obeyed his Master's leading.

It was in the year 1865, that as he was driving to Philadelphia to the opening of the Yearly Meeting, he stopped at the Olney store to get the mail as was his habit. He came out pale and speechless, almost tottering; he had just heard of the death of President Lincoln, shot by an assassin, and he knew the crisis; our nation left in an hour of great peril like a storm-tossed ship, her sails torn, her crew mutinied, her captain lost.

The love of country was a strong trait in Samuel Morris, he believed it to be our duty to take active part as citizens, to be patriotic by fighting evil with voice and pen, to live for the betterment of our land rather than to die for it in battle as soldiers do. He knew that Christ came to bring peace, and to forbid all war, so he labored to teach this, and his aid to the Peace Society was real and vital. He was glad to see arbitration made practical by the Court at the Hague, so that quarrels between nations could be settled by a quiet appeal to law without fighting.

When he went on a mission to the colored

people and others in our Southern States, he saw the sad condition of the ruined land and he felt that the masters had really been more hurt by slavery than had the Negroes; their sense of right lost, their best sense blunted, so that a whole generation would have to pass before the wounds could be healed. The slaves might have risen in revolt at the close of the War, but their forbearance forbade this. Their religion was genuine from the very cruelty they had endured, while many loved the masters who had been kind to them. There were wrong things among the Negroes, but education would somewhat remedy this. Samuel Morris talked seriously to their preachers on their duty and he found several colored women who felt led to speak in their churches. He told them he belonged to a Society that gave women this privilege, so he explained our views and brought about a better understanding. The Friends in the South had suffered, they could not fight, so their goods were taken from them and they were compelled to go with the army, but the Government finally respected and released them.

On the journey from Tennessee to North Carolina, Samuel Morris had an accident on the railroad in the middle of the night. A heavy rain had weakened a bridge, and the train fell into

a river. The car in which he was stood on its end, and some passengers close to him were killed. He was cut on the head and face, yet he felt a great sense of God's love and he called aloud to the crowd in the darkness and rush of waters the words of King David, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Amid their cries and groans he urged them to wait, for help would soon come. They were suffering terribly, but his words comforted them, and then when men came and carried them out, they were put on another train and taken to the hospital at Knoxville. He returned home a week later, happy to be with his loved ones once more.

A journey to Friends in Canada took him among a different class of people, immigrants from England, who had thrifty ways and fine farms. The Indians he there found on good terms with the Government, they were allowed to retain their own lands and the treaties made with them were kept, so they were satisfied.

Samuel Morris next visited Indians among the "Six Nations" scattered in different parts of New York and the Boarding School for their children at Tunesassa, near Lake Erie. Captain Pratt, in his fine institution for them at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, once said, "I should give

up my work if it were not for the helpful words of Charles Rhoads, Samuel Morris and such men as they."

When Olney was again his abiding place, Samuel Morris found ample employment; committees in Philadelphia, reports to write, sick friends to visit, libraries to furnish with books. He would come home from the city, after each day's labor and go into his garden because it rested him. The soft air, the springing grass, the moist earth, made him resemble Adam, whom God called to be a gardener, and like him, he walked with his Maker in the cool of the day.

He loved the city for the contact it gave with men, but the country was his choice, his home. To work in the hay, to rake the falling leaves, to free the ground of weeds, to make the foot-paths neat, these were not wearisome tasks to him. He would set himself a certain reasonable amount to do, then continue even if twilight came, proportioning off each hour of the day with books, writing, and out-door work in the open air, this was his habit, so idleness found no chance, neither did he tire himself with overstrain and the rush so hurtful to many Americans.

Sometimes he would have the cart full of children snuggled in the hay, sometimes he would

go with them to the Zoological Garden, where the monkey-house gave him as much delight as it did them. In the winter, he would take his grandchildren coasting on his old Haverford sled (still in use) or join with the skaters on the Tacony as late as his 75th year; for he was always graceful on the ice. When the "Blizzard" of 1888 came, he was cut off from the outside world for three days, his children away because all railroad travel was stopped; when they were finally able to return, they found their father and mother sitting cozily by the wood-fire reading aloud from Whittier's "Snow-Bound," the drifts outside piled high, making the poem more real.

Now came more definitely the call to travel far on the Lord's errand, and English Friends as well as those on the Continent of Europe were to receive a message of love through Samuel Morris. He told the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, and a written certificate was given to him to carry, conveying its approval. Thomas P. Cope believed that he should go as a companion and together they sailed in 1889. Eighteen months were spent in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Norway, France and Germany. Wherever they went, they were welcomed and were "living Epistles known and read of all

men." The meetings were often small, but those gathered generally went away refreshed by Gospel truth uttered in simplicity by Samuel Morris. On the Continent he found Friends could not thrive because their young men were forced into training at the age of eighteen. Three years of such a life they shrank from, so they left home for England or America and their family circle was stripped. Nevertheless small companies of Friends existed at Bergen, Minden, Congenies and other villages. Peasants they are, living by labor in their fields, so their simple fare, their honest faces, their sturdy ways all gave delight to our travellers.

Intercourse between English and French Friends began in this way. Joseph Fox was partner with others in two trading vessels, and during a war between the two countries in 1778 they captured a pair of small ships. Joseph Fox, being a Friend, refused to take his share of the cargo, amounting to \$5000, saying it was wrong to steal even in war. He sent his son to find the owners in order to restore the part assigned to him. They were amazed and asked to know more of the honest Englishman. A letter came to Dr. Fox addressed thus; "The Quakers of Congenies to the virtuous Fox." They explained their views and a committee was sent

from London Yearly Meeting to visit them, learning that they had existed for seventy years as a Society and numbered about one hundred.

Christine Majolier was one of these French Friends; she married Robert Alsop and became a minister of the Gospel. Her published biography is well worth reading. Many French children were sent to school in England, thus strengthening the tie which still lasts; later a meeting house was built for them at Congenies.

Warm Christian friendships were the result of Samuel Morris's going abroad, and letters to and fro continued the intercourse after he reached home.

At Olney a custom lasted throughout his life of carrying money to the Germantown Savings Fund for his neighbors. Many of them earned their living in factories or on farms, and they found that a dollar or more laid by each week would surprise them by the end of the year. If they declined liquor, tobacco and other unnecessary things, they could finally buy winter coal, clothes and food when work was slack. They often saved enough to purchase land and build a house. So when Samuel Morris heard a tap at the door on Fourth day evenings, which he called "Reception night," he would welcome a man or woman who pulled out from a hidden

pocket a roll of money and asked him to please carry it to Germantown the next morning when he drove to mid-week meeting. Thus he taught them to be thrifty; the children caught the parents' spirit, looking toward a home of their own. Even his own farmers he advised to do this, and five of them are now on their own broad acres. His servants laid by enough to start house-keeping well, when they married, and they looked up to him as a real friend. In his buying food and clothing, he paid a fair price, not believing in "bargains" which meant underpaid labor; neither did he care to deal with big Department Stores, but sought out quiet tradesmen who were striving to earn a living without monopoly, who, he said, were being crushed.

We now come, in 1893, to the long journey across the Pacific, which was the crowning point of Samuel Morris's labors; a true helper he found in Jonathan E. Rhoads, who was clearly led in the same direction; they set forth with the permission of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Japan was their first stopping place, and as the missionaries were in the mountains at a Summer Conference, our travellers were invited to join them there, and could speak freely on Friends' spiritual views. Many denominations were represented, and they having access to the churches

and knowing the native language could hand to the people the Gospel as thus set forth.

Mary P. E. Nitobe tells how Samuel Morris and Jonathan E. Rhoads went to the northern island in cold weather and there had good service. As they journeyed southward her husband, Inazo Nitobe, introduced them to a prominent admiral, who had never heard of Friends, but who could talk with them, and soon became interested as they journeyed together for three days and had much discourse on William Penn. Arriving at an inn, the admiral heard Jonathan E. Rhoads in difficulty with the proprietor, neither understanding the other; the price was the point of contention and he soon straightened it out. The inn-keeper said that foreigners generally accused him of over-charging, but here were two men who wanted to give him too much money, he had only met one like them, a Methodist Bishop, so he talked of their honesty to other travellers.

They visited an orphanage where children were cared for and taught the trade of making matches by a good Christian Japanese named Ishii. Their parents had been killed in an earthquake, so to confirm their faith, Samuel Morris told these little ones about his Perot ancestor in France, who had been put in prison because he was a Huguenot, and had nearly died of hunger.

He did not lose his trust in God, and when a hen came daily and laid an egg in his grated window, he was able to survive until he was set free and could thank his Heavenly Father for food thus provided.

When China was reached by our travellers, they spent a week in Hongkong waiting for a vessel to take them southward. Then came a long voyage past the Philippines and other Islands where the spice-trees made the whole air fragrant for miles at sea. Samuel Morris and Jonathan Rhoads had a warm welcome in Australia; they visited Friends' Meetings there in the large cities, as well as in lonely villages in the bush or wilderness; then came the Annual Meeting at Hobart in Tasmania, when the Friends gathered there from all parts of the country. Here, too, was their Boarding School resembling Westtown, numbering nine teachers, and one hundred and forty pupils developing into usefulness.

New Zealand was the next point for our travellers, and many meetings were visited. The great industry of that country is sheep-raising for the English market. The mountains are high like those in Switzerland, and have the same name, "the Alps." The Government of New Zealand allows women to vote and is advanced in

many ways. The native Maoris are given a share in law-making and land-owning; so education renders them helpful to the colony and they are often wealthy.

How gladly did Samuel Morris and Jonathan Rhoads turn their faces homeward after a year and a half on the opposite side of the world. Hawaii was their last stopping place.

Do you not think it must have been a great joy to have accomplished the service to which they felt called? Did not home seem sweeter than ever, knowing the loved ones there were cared for by the same good Master Who had sent them forth?

The last chapter in the life of Samuel Morris was one of usefulness in his own Yearly Meeting. He had no further prospect of long journeys but he still had ability to aid all who met him; a stranger once said that his face was a benediction, so serene was it, so "staid on God."

"Ah!" you say, "this man had no hardship, no trial"; but if you knew how into his sheltered life, came sudden calamity, as well as long-sustained sorrow, you would admit that only Divine Strength enabled him to bear it silently, and even joyfully.

When he was travelling in 1904, he was comforted by a dream. He thought he was in a lonely



The family group at Olney taken about 1885; showing Samuel and Lydia Spencer Morris and their two children, Hannah Perot Morris and George Spencer Morris.

place in Palestine, talking of our Saviour, wishing that he might see Him. Suddenly Jesus appeared, clad in a long white robe and with a sweet sadness in His expression. No disciples were with Him, but He took Samuel Morris by the hand and kissed him on the cheek, saying "We shall meet again," and vanished from sight. This seemed more than a dream, it was a foretaste of that happiness which awaited the faithful servant and he reverently accepted the vision.

The next year, 1905, without any long illness, without knowing that death was near, he was taken to be with Christ whom he had so long loved, and so shall he "ever be with the Lord." His death occurred Tenth Month 17th, 1905.

In 1907 a small volume was published with many details of the life of Samuel Morris. It is prefaced by a memorial, written by Alfred C. Garrett and from it we quote the following;—"In the declining years of life he was blessed by the loving Giver of all good things with an unusual soundness of body and mind. Illness was practically unknown to him, and yet this only led him to greater pity for those who were not so blessed.

"His simplicity of soul in thought and word and deed, and yet back of these a reserve of firmness, courage and settled purpose, all these com-

bined to make a singular effect of poise, moderation and unobtrusive completeness, which are among the rare attainments of character, they are indeed solely to be acquired by the secret might and effectual working of Him Whose **per-**fections we are called upon to follow."

HEPSIBETH HUSSEY

1897-1908

*So shall the stream of life flow by
And leave each year a richer good,
And matron loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maidenhood.*

*And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"*

J. G. W.

HEPSIBETH HUSSEY

A QUAKER SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Nantucket Island has always held a special place in the interest and affection of Friends. Quaker tradition attributes its purchase, in 1659, to a desire on the part of Thomas Macy and Edward Starbuck to escape the persecutions of the Puritans, who sentenced and fined them for "harbouring Quakers" and conducting meetings in violation of the laws of Massachusetts. Macy and Starbuck were Baptists, but there is evidence that there were a few Friends among the first settlers of the island. The whole company was unquestionably "a good-like People," as they were characterized by a Friend who visited the island in the year 1701.

Three well-known Friends, Thomas Chalkley, John Richardson and Thomas Story separately ministered in the island in the years 1698, 1701, and 1704 respectively, and each claimed in his Journal to have been instrumental in the "settlement" of a Friends' Meeting there. Doubtless each was right, and the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends, which was established in

1708, was the fruit of the labors of all three. During the 18th. century, a large majority of the inhabitants joined the Society of Friends and several Meeting houses were required for their assemblies.

In the early 19th. century, as in Quaker communities elsewhere, decline set in. Descendants of the early settlers removed to the mainland. The whaling industry, which had its chief center there, began to dwindle and the young men were forced to seek means of livelihood elsewhere. Other religious sects were introduced and these attracted the young Friends who were alienated from their Society by the extreme narrowness and rigidity of many of their elders. To-day, not a resident Friend remains and the tourist and the summer resident are the chief source of income of the inhabitants.

The glory of Nantucket's heroic past has departed, but those who know her old mansions, her flaming gardens, her hollyhocks against gray walls, her labyrinthine by-streets, and her wind-swept moors; who have kept vigil with Sankaty Light in its lonely outlook on perilous seas, and have felt the peace of her enfolding mist and the cleansing of her untainted winds, love her with a deep and lasting fervor.

It was in this place of ordered lives which

were kept constantly in touch with the mysteries of life and death by the dangerous nature of their men's vocation, that Hepsibeth Chase Hussey was born in 1827—appropriately enough on Vestal Street, which also gave to the world Marion Mitchell, the astronomer. She was the daughter of Gorham and Lydia Macy Hussey and a direct descendant of John Howland and his wife Elizabeth Tillie who came to Massachusetts in the Mayflower. She was a birthright member and a recorded minister of the Society of Friends, which, at that time, had shrunk to about 800 in number. For twenty years she taught in a Friends' School in her native island.

In 1871, the opportunity came to her to enter a new field of labor. Only the conviction that she was called of the Lord could have induced her to leave the amenities of her island-city home to face the winter privations and blizzards of an inland farming country.

The region lying between Ithaca and Auburn, New York, and bordering on Cayuga Lake was originally settled by Friends. These early pioneers came from New England, eastern New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Within a radius of three miles of Sherwood in Cayuga Co., there were five Meeting houses, four of which were large structures ante-dating the sepa-

ration of 1827. Among these settlers were Friends of strong intellects, genuine culture and cosmopolitan experience. Jethro Wood, the inventor of the iron plow, and Humphrey Howland, whose fine library and extensive deer-park contributed an old-world flavor to that pioneer region, were among the outstanding Friends.

There were at first, of course, no public schools and Friends schools were soon started. Prior to 1871, family or small private schools flourished. The most notable of the private schools was one at Aurora on Cayuga Lake. It was founded by Asa and Ruth Potter, carried on by Cynthia and Sophia Southwick, and in 1820, taken over by Susan Marriott, an English Friend, who left a remarkable impress on the children of Friends and others. Mrs. William H. Seward was one of her pupils. Later Oakwood Seminary and Howland School were established at Union Springs. A number of Philadelphia Quaker girls attended Howland School while Dr. Henry Hartshorne was Principal and from Baltimore came M. Carey Thomas to prepare for Cornell University.

Sometime after the second separation in the Society of Friends had created its sad estrangement, the so-called "Wilburite" Friends felt the need of a good local school. The family of



HESPERETH HUSSEY

Samuel D. and Elizabeth Otis at Sherwood was a large one, and Elizabeth Otis took the initiative in the new enterprise. She was born a Gorham in Nantucket, hence her mind naturally turned thither in her quest for a suitable teacher. At her invitation Hepsibeth C. Hussey came to Sherwood in the late autumn of 1871, and on Twelfth month 4th, opened her school in an old dwelling house with a roll of fourteen pupils. It was Elizabeth Otis's original idea that a school should be opened exclusively for "Wilburite" Friends but that did not accord with the new teacher's views. She claimed the privilege of admitting to the school all children of good character who wished to come. So, while the school was named Sherwood Select School, sectarian or racial lines were never drawn, and, as time went on, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, Roman Catholics and certain unclassified folk called Free-Thinkers, shared with the three branches of Friends the benefit of a "guarded religious education." It requires little imagination to guess what results came from educating together the children of the three branches of Friends. Bonds of friendship were cemented which no prejudices harbored by the older generation could break.

Never did her pupils hear a word of religious

prejudice fall from their teacher's lips. Extremely narrow they thought her in her rigid adherence to the "Minor Testimonies" of Friends, sternly uncompromising on points of conduct, but truly catholic in her human sympathies and tolerant of people who differed from her in belief. The lessons in literature and history on certain great skeptics always brought to her face an expression of awful solemnity, and to her voice the tone of one who made "a long lament as for the dead," but no harsh judgment ever passed her lips. In conversation she once referred to a beloved neighbor of advanced views as "a good deal of a reasoner," but the solemn pause that followed the words indicated her conviction that only a Higher Power could judge the secret thoughts and intents of the heart.

The atmosphere of respect and love which she threw about all learning was one of the characteristics that made her a rare teacher. She was apparently unaware that a conflict raged between Science and Religion. The Light Within burned with a steady flame and she did not inquire into the logical effects on theology of the new scientific theories. All knowledge was to her the current coin of the unsearchable riches of God.

From her Nantucket school, Hepsibeth Hussey

brought to her new field of labor two mottoes in gilt lettering on black boards. These which read, "Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth," and "What Man has done may be done by Man," were the Magna Charta of all her instruction. After her work was done, the Nantucket Historical Society tried to recall these inscriptions to their original home, but her later school has thus far been loath to part with mementoes so hallowed by early associations.

Tall, slender and stately, with a truly regal condescension of manner, strongly intellectual yet benevolent of countenance, attired in the garb of the straitest of her sect,—cap, kerchief, and "stiff-pleat" bonnet, she inspired at all times a feeling of reverential awe even in those of her pupils who met her socially as well as pedagogically. The commonest act of daily life took on at her hands the nature of a ceremonial rite. She seemed far aloof from the commonplace interests and occupations of ordinary femininity. There was a tradition in the school sometimes talked of in hushed, incredulous tones, that an elderly Friend from some other neighborhood had written her a proposal of marriage. As to the language in which the reply was couched, there were only shuddering conjectures. In all the years of her teaching her pupils discovered in her but

one human weakness. Mice came and went yet that serene enthronement on the platform was undisturbed. But on several occasions, to the infinite astonishment of her pupils, there was a sudden quick stepping from the throne and from a safe distance an apologetic smile was turned upon her little kingdom with the words "There was a spider. I have never been able to accustom myself to their proximity."

Because of the Quaker testimony against the use of titles, her pupils were not encouraged to call her *Miss Hussey*. And as she would not be called "Teacher," she was "Hepsibeth" to most of her subjects—a title as regal as the "Victoria" of the reigning queen.

She was not devoid of a certain appreciation of humor. She could laugh mellowly on occasion. And there were times when a smile instead of a reproving look or word relieved the embarrassed author of some inadvertent faux pas. But her sense of humor could not have deeply impressed her pupils, for some of her old scholars recall their delighted surprise when on a social occasion, she quoted from the primer of her childhood,

"Veal when alive is called a calf,
Its mother is a cow."

There was one assistant teacher in this ungraded school, but Hepsibeth Hussey herself taught the college preparatory branches, including Latin and French, with drawing and book-keeping and surveying thrown in. In 1874, a member of the first graduating class entered Cornell University where she made such a high scholastic record that the school was added to the list of those from which diplomas or certificates were accepted in lieu of entrance examinations. Nine or ten boys and girls followed from time to time this pioneer Cornellian, who, as was fitting, was a daughter of the school's founder. Other pupils went to more distant colleges and universities.

But with all Hepsibeth Hussey's force of intellect and tolerance of view, she never palliated an offence. There seemed to her pupils to be no distinction in her mind between an error and a sin. Modern psychology and child study which detect germs of future sanctity under the guise of the most unhallowed activity were, of course, unknown fields to her. The outward act was the unmistakable symbol of the inward state. To "communicate," as she always called it, with a schoolmate by smile or sign, or more heinous still, by written note, during the long day from nine to four, could be safely undertaken only

when a mathematical demonstration on the blackboard was in progress. Even then it was attended with grave danger for the reflection in her glasses sometimes gave her supernatural knowledge of the misdeeds behind her back. An example of her meticulous attention to detail was shown when a porcelain soapdish was found broken in the boys' coat-room. When no confessed culprit came forward, the whole school was called from recess to listen to prolonged and solemn reflections on the enormity of such concealment and exhortations to confession in writing if public courage were wanting. Hope for the future of mischievous pupils seemed sometimes utterly lost. "Prison bars" loomed ludicrously large in her sepulchral warnings. One boy who was the object of much solicitude, returned in after years to pay her homage. As she greeted him with gracious cordiality she remarked, "credit has been reflected upon my school from the most unexpected sources."

The Quaker testimony against singing was rigidly enforced. Her preternaturally sharp ears detected the most cautiously muffled measures even at the farthest outposts of the playground. It is not hard to imagine the confusion that fell upon the would-be singers when a voice issued

from door or window the unflattering command, "Cease that noise."

Quaker simplicity admitted of no decoration of the school-room on festal days. An exception to this rule occurred once only. From the graduating exercises of the class of 1885 Hepsibeth Hussey was absent because of a protracted illness. It was a class of girls, and as somewhat of compensation for the absence of their Principal, the more indulgent Assistant, Dorcas Gardner, permitted them to outline with daisy chains the blackboards which flanked the platform, and to suspend the class motto—"Let Our Aims be Noble"—pricked out in evergreen, across the intervening wall. But the absent Principal's scruples were amply avenged, for as the class sat with backs turned to their decorative masterpiece, the A parted at the top and the gathered relatives and friends noted with smiles the commendable though untimely aspiration, "Let our *Hims* be Noble."

The only scope allowed to the pupils' love of adornment was in the design of the covers of *The Paper*, which was the chief attraction of "Last Day" exercises. From "Compositions" written occasionally throughout the term, Hepsibeth Hussey selected and held back the best. Three weeks before the end of a term she con-

ducted an election by the school of two boys and two girls for "Editors" of *The Paper*. It was the privilege of these honored beings to copy neatly on foolscap the selected essays, to bind them into a book, and to read them by turns on the "Last Day." The earliest cover designs were in pen and ink on the outermost page of foolscap, but as time went on cardboard covers bound with ribbon, and elaborately illustrated in water color and other media came into vogue. The name of each issue and the nature of its embellishment was always kept a profound secret from the teachers and school until the day of its publication. Never bride excited more thrilling interest than the appearance of *The Paper* in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief as the editors filed in from the ante-room on the last day. Originality and consequent admiration reached a climax on the occasion when the girls wore ribbons, and the boys, ties, to match the binding of the paper.

The dignity and importance with which the Principal invested this entire procedure, term after term, and year after year, gave evidence of her impressive personality, and her never flagging interest in the well-doing of her pupils. Like a grand dame on her reception day she moved among friends and patrons who came from

far and near to listen to those callow readings. When the moment arrived for the entrance of the Editors she seated herself at one end of the platform, with that stately grace which her Quaker regalia enhanced, and thence communicated to the audience by the lively expression of her countenance her own keen appreciation of the literary productions of her pupils.

It was a cause of much anxiety to Hepsibeth Hussey that some of her pupils occasionally attended "places of diversion." She never openly alluded to these practices, but she seemed to know the offenders by instinct and to hold them more strictly to account for lessons and conduct on the following day. On one dreadful and ever memorable occasion when the class in geometry was summoned to the front of the room, a "big boy," who had been at a dance the evening before, remained motionless behind his upturned desk lid. Investigation revealed that he slept, and the whole class was instantly dismissed to sit for the remainder of the day under the ever-deepening shadow of one member's sin.

Those of her pupils who attended on First and Fourth days the meetings for worship in the little Meeting house a mile away, at Poplar Ridge, heard her in her capacity as minister. Her messages, delivered under deep exercise of

spirit, consisted largely of Bible texts bound together with poetical expressions of her own. Their appeal was for the sacrifice of the pride of life, the lust of the eye and the love of the world, to the call of God for "a close walk" with Him. They were intoned in a chant which had remarkable range between the high and low notes. The effect on her young hearers was appalling and impressive. After the meeting, on the days when she spoke, she did not greet her pupils with her accustomed cordiality but enveloped in an atmosphere of awful solemnity merely shook hands on her way out of the house.

The history and traditions of "my Nantucket home" were kept fresh in the minds of the school. When a class studied the period of Louis Fifteenth of France, the photograph of a wax figure of a baby was brought and shown with smiling appreciation. The original figure, now in the rooms of the Historical Society of Nantucket, had been brought from France by a sea captain at the time of the French Revolution and was conjectured to be an image of the Dauphin.

For twenty years the school continued under the guidance of Hepsibeth C. Hussey, during the last ten of which it was housed in a fine building erected by Emily Howland, a wealthy Friend of Sherwood, whose educational beneficences have



The Childhood Home of Hepsibeth Hussey, Vestal Street, Nantucket.

enriched not only her own neighborhood, but many others. The service of that school to a locality which had at that time only elementary district schools, was of extraordinary value. Instead of conferring advantages on a small body of Quaker children exclusively, it elevated a community. Under the ever watchful eye of a strict mentor, the young people whose home training ran for the most part in rather narrow sectarian grooves, learned to recognize in one another a common humanity. Social preferences were not abolished because children are socially and theologically the least tolerant of human beings, but sectarian affiliations were not made the exclusive basis of companionship.

Hepsibeth C. Hussey died on Second month 1st, 1908, at the age of eighty-one. A few years later there was a reunion of Sherwood Select School Old Scholars to honor their teacher's memory. A portrait of her painted by a Quaker Alumna, who has exhibited at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the Panama Exposition and elsewhere, was unveiled. There was a large gathering of former pupils eager to pay ungrudging tribute. Letters were read from the absent, and through all the testimonials, both spoken and written, ran the note of gratitude for

the lessons taught by the firm principles and exalted character of their old teacher.

During the twenty years of her work only 340 pupils came under her sway and of these but twenty-eight received diplomas. Yet among the Old Scholars native to that farming community, there were such notables in their various chosen environments as a judge, several leaders in educational fields, an engineer, one of whose inventions is diagrammed and described in the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, a member of the faculty of the Medical School of Michigan University, a prominent and influential leader in the woman suffrage and other good causes, two newspaper editors, a bank director, an inventor of several domestic devices, several doctors (women and men) and lawyers, a state representative, an artist, farmers whose prize stock travels to world fairs, a Mayor of Auburn, N. Y., and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Verily, even the most rigid Quaker regimen can nourish a diversity of gifts.

The testimonials as a whole gave clear evidence that it is not always the popular teacher who is most gratefully recalled in retrospect. No word could be less congruously applied to Hepsibeth C. Hussey. She inspired rather a fearful respect, which, on the whole, was perhaps more valuable

for that particular flock, in which boys from fifteen to twenty predominated, than any genial comradeship could have been.

Sherwood Select School still goes on, taught by college-trained men and women. Emily Howland at the age of ninety-eight is still its patron saint and each year speaks to the graduating class a few words of counsel rich in human experience. The *schooling* is in many respects far superior to that which the older generation received. It is incorporated under the Regents of the State of New York. The students' notebooks in biology alone fill the old scholars with envious admiration. Music and singing are a part of the program, dramatics have been introduced, teachers and pupils attend "places of diversion" together. In short it is a modern school. But those of an older day with the characteristic pessimism of old scholars shake their heads and question whether the finished product is really as well *educated* as were those under the old régime who read the same reading books until the "pieces" were learned by heart, who were never allowed to pass a word in any lesson without giving its exact meaning, and who were sometimes constrained to work for two or three weeks on the solution of a single problem in algebra.

Be that as it may, those pupils of a bygone era, who paused a few hours on that Reunion Day to look back through the noisy years to those surroundings

“Whose powers shed round them in the
common strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence—a peculiar grace,”

confessed an undivided loyalty to a school-mistress who at all times set virtue, even in its seemingly most trivial implications, above the highest attainment of the intellect.

JOHN S. FOWLER

1832-1910

ESTHER H. FOWLER

1845-1922

Blessed is the soul which heareth the Lord speaking within, and from His mouth receiveth the word of comfort.

THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

The Light is a reality and therefor in its freedom the highest revelation of truth: it is kindred with the Spirit of God, and therefor merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast, and therefor joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

JOHN S. FOWLER

ESTHER H. FOWLER

Into that part of south eastern Ohio, where the counties of Morgan, Washington and Athens touch, on the bluffs of the beautiful Muskingum River, in the first half of last century while the country was still much of a wilderness, there began an immigration of Friends from Belmont, Columbiana and some of the adjoining counties.

Friends in the more northern of the eastern counties of the State found they could sell their land at what they considered a fair profit, and buy, as they thought, to advantage within the limits of Morgan and Washington Counties. The nearness to the navigable waters of the Muskingum must have had its influence also, as water transportation in that day was of more vital importance to the development of a community than it is in this age. So great was this immigration that at one time we find at least five large meetings on the ridges where now are the villages of Chesterhill, Pennsville and Bartlett.

Just before Civil War days another migration began westward, this time to Iowa, as reports of the wonderful fertility of the soil were received. This, together with some other causes, kept up the migration until it gradually stripped the neighborhood of its Friendly population and only the meeting of Chesterhill remains. Some drifted back to the old homes of the northern counties and some went farther east.

A perusal of the records of the meetings of this Quarterly Meeting, which is known as Pennsville Quarter, gives often very interesting information about the members of those meetings. Just a casual reading of the old minutes will give one something of the nobleness of their living, and their deep concern for themselves and others; albeit there may be mixed there also some things not so noble, and even something of the tragic as they confront the problems of society as found in a frontier community. In searching, as the author did, for the details of certain families, one is impressed with the names that appear time and time again in those records; they are the family names of Friends scattered all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in fact wherever a Friendly community exists. Among the names most frequently appearing are Mott, Fowler, Fawcett, Deweese, Heustis, Patterson,

Schofield, Burgess, Emmons, Hall, Edgerton, Worthington, Smith, Dean, Pickett and Hobson.

Very early in these records appears the name of the Heustis family and of Isaac Heustis in particular. He resided within the limits of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, the residence being within the town of Chesterhill. He held the position of Clerk of his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings for years and at one time was also Clerk of the Meeting for Sufferings of Ohio Yearly Meeting. He was constantly named on committees and in every way seems to have been much used by his Friends. He also appears prominently in the records of his community as a practising physician and as an upright and God-fearing citizen, valued much by those who knew him.

He was born in Columbiana County in 1800, and moved to Morgan County with his family very early in life, where he began the practice of medicine in 1837. He had a large and lucrative practice and performed some very important and difficult surgical operations. It was said of him that he had few equals in the State in his day. He married Sarah Williams of Belmont County and to them were born several children. Of these children, Esther Fowler, one of the subjects of this sketch, was born at the home of

her maternal grandparents near Barnesville, Ohio, the 27th. of Sixth Month, 1845.

Esther Heustis was from infancy frail in body and through life felt the limitations of her strength. Her weakness was the outgrowth of some spinal trouble that failed to be conquered by the medical skill of her day. She however was well educated for young people of her generation and station in life, attending first at Monthly Meeting schools and then at Mount Pleasant, which was at that time the Boarding School of Ohio Yearly Meeting. Mount Pleasant was modeled after Westtown, in Pennsylvania, and Ackworth, in Yorkshire, England, and had many points in common with these schools. At Mount Pleasant she received the guarded education of her Society and was always a good student. That she valued these advantages may be gathered from the following anecdote, which she frequently told her friends. While she and her husband were passing through France on their way to Egypt, they were waiting for a train, sitting in a public waiting room, feeling like strangers in a strange land, as neither of them could speak the French language, when in rushed a woman almost frantic for some one to help her, and calling out over and over again, "Is there no one here who can speak English?"

Esther Fowler called out to her, "Yes, we can speak English, but that is all," and as the woman wished some one who could speak both languages, they could be of little service to her. In speaking of this on her return home, she said that in her younger years she was asked to join a French class, and as she had no idea that she ever would have use for the language, she refused to join. Many and many times she has repeated this anecdote saying, "always take advantage of every opportunity that may come to make you more able to meet the duties of life." She firmly believed in a liberal education, that the talents entrusted to our care should not be folded in a napkin, but so carefully polished and enriched that when the Great Husbandman called for them they would be worthy of His word of commendation.

Very early in life she came under much exercise that she might live a religious life and one worthy of her Master. Constant evidence is found of this in her written words and in her conversation. John and Esther Fowler were both of the type, now fast disappearing, who held to the plain dress of the older generation and both deeply felt that their safety rested in living close to their Redeemer and that the testimonies of the Society could not be slighted.

They were both very retiring in their natures and very humble minded; they believed it consistent with true humility to live a life of self forgetfulness. John Fowler at one time writes, "I was arrested with a voice saying, 'If thou wilt forsake these vanities and be faithful to Me, thou shalt both save thyself and others.'" While some may consider such scruples extreme, we cannot but respect their honesty of purpose; they so loved their Lord that they were willing to give up many things that seemed desirable, for His sake. We who are inclined to be critical of what we think Puritanical notions should at least ask ourselves the question, would we be willing to give up as much for Him. There is much evidence that it was no easy matter for Esther Heustis to submit to these things, but when she became convinced that there was no other way of safety for her, she willingly gave all up to obtain peace of mind. She was often prostrated on a bed of sickness for days at a time and many were the trials of faith, but through all, her confidence and trust in the Divine was so great that her mind was clothed in beautiful peace.

Sometimes when thus prostrated she felt required to go on religious visits and her Friends often felt that she would not be able to do it, but she has been known to arise from her bed

and go on a journey of several weeks, thus beautifully illustrating the New Testament teaching, that when the Lord requires anything at our hands He will give us strength to perform it.

One who knew her well describes her as a woman of medium height, very slight in build. All her life she was a sufferer from spinal trouble, but in spite of frailness of body, she had a strong voice and many who were not personally acquainted with her were wonderfully surprised when she began to speak, the volume and power of her voice making her heard clearly, even though she might not rise to her feet, as many times she was not able to stand. She was always a very pleasant companion, telling to those who were associated with her many interesting bits of her own history, and while her way was quiet yet she had a keen sense of humor and often saw the humorous side when others failed to see it. This fact carried her over many a disagreeable situation. She would often begin to relate something, then pause with her hands folded in her lap, eyes on the floor, while those who were listening would wait knowing full well something of interest was in store for them, and in a few moments she would raise her head in her characteristic, quick way and with one of her rare

smiles give the anecdote for which they were waiting.

One little incident she often related to children in school was a bit of her own experience when she was herself a school girl. The class in physics was discussing the moving of heavy weights, how it could be done most easily by levers, etc., when the teacher suddenly said, "Esther, could thee lift thyself if thee stood in a tub?" She said she was sure she could, as she knew she wasn't at all heavy, so later on the teacher gave her the opportunity to try for herself, and she always told very graphically of her state of mind, standing in the tub and lifting with all her might and yet failing to accomplish the desired end. From these little experiences she was always drawing some valuable lesson as to the necessity of learning for herself many of the important things of life.

On the meeting records of Plymouth Monthly Meeting held near Bartlett, Ohio, and now in the custody of the Bank of Chesterhill, very early and often appears the name of Fowler. John Fowler, like the father of the woman who was to be his wife, immigrated to this county from Columbiana County, Ohio. He was born in the above county in 1832 and with his parents moved to Washington County when he was six years

old. He experienced many of the privations of pioneer life; wild animals still roamed the woods and fields, and the opportunities for gaining what we of today consider the necessities of life were very limited. While his parents wished to give him a liberal education, they found great difficulty in doing so, and John Fowler in consequence had only a most elementary school training. He lost his health when he was about twenty-four years of age and for eleven years was much of an invalid. Much of this time, he tells us, was spent on the lounge or in an arm-chair. When he was thirty-five, his health somewhat improved, and he was enabled to manage a small farm and market the crops raised on it. In this way he succeeded in making a living.

It was while engaged in marketing his farm products in Athens, the county seat of Athens County, not many miles from his home, one of the important works of his life began. On one occasion after finishing his marketing he felt it would be right for him to visit the County Infirmary and spend the night there. It was much against his natural inclinations to do this, as it meant another day away from his home and a visit amongst entire strangers. However, he gave up to the line of manifest duty, and when, on arriving, there did not seem any way for him

to get accommodations for the night, he felt that maybe he had made a mistake. Finally just as he was about turning away, one of the officials made arrangements for his entertainment and he remained. While eating supper some one knocked at the door of the dining room, and when the door was opened it proved to be a messenger from the children of the institution, who wished to know how soon their teacher would be ready to come to their room and have prayers with them.

This aroused at once his interest and on enquiring he found the condition to be somewhat as follows; it appears that Morgan County, in which he resided, had a Home for the waifs of society, such as have no parents or homes. This had been well conducted and it had been the custom of Athens County to board its children in the Morgan County Home, but for some reason not well explained, but perhaps on account of lack of funds, it had been given up and the children were returned to the Infirmary. They were there thrown indiscriminately amongst all classes, some of whom were very immoral. The children that had been returned from the above Home had been taught to have morning and evening prayers, and after returning had not been willing to give up the practice, and those in

authority had provided a separate room for them and complied with their wish. Here also the Assistant Matron of the institution was giving them at odd times the rudiments of an education.

The situation deeply touched the heart of John Fowler and his sympathies were at once aroused. So impressed was he by the above circumstance that he asked permission to be present. This was granted in the morning before he left. He found eighteen children between the ages of four and twelve, and he was much impressed by their reverence and earnest manner and serious deportment. On returning to the superintendent's office, before leaving, he found that officer much perturbed over the situation, walking up and down his room and stopping before a large window overlooking the grounds. He called our Friend's attention to the inmates roaming about, the children mixed with them, and said he did not know what could be done about it. John Fowler, filled with a great sadness and also a great longing to do something for these little ones, bade the superintendent farewell. This was in the fall of 1875. The subject so staid with him that later he felt that it would be right for him to undertake to do something to alleviate the condition of these waifs.

After many months of anxious thought and

frequent visits to the county officials, some of whom were not sympathetic, or were afraid of the political situation that might be involved, he finally secured the consent of the proper authorities to collect funds in Athens County with which to build a Children's Home. His own account of his trials in getting thus far with his concern for the children shows his deep trustfulness in the Divine, and his great desire to be found doing his Master's Will. It had been his care to look after an aged mother and this and a desire to get ahead financially in the world seemed often to hinder the work. But he tells us that after the loss of one of his crops of sweet potatoes on which he was depending for considerable money, it seemed to be impressed on him that he had been relying too much on material things. His mother always encouraged him to be faithful to whatever he felt was called for of him. Thus it was that he gave up to start out on his mission to collect funds. He says that when he gave up, a great peace settled on his mind, and he felt that he was now in the line of manifest duty.

Many in Athens County still remember the figure of John Fowler as he went from house to house in the county, taking every township in turn. He rode a dun horse, and his peculiarity

of dress made him a marked figure. It was a time when ten miles was a great distance; as the country was rather rough and hilly he could not hope to cover much territory in a day. While he was engaged in this work his mother died, and he himself, no doubt on account of exposure to all kinds of weather, passed through a serious period of sickness. On the death of his mother, he tells us, that the words passed through his mind and were impressed on him, that he was, "To count every man his brother and every house his home." He spent more than four years in this work and collected something over twelve thousand dollars. His work had also so aroused the community to the necessity of doing something for such children, that several donations were made direct to the county authorities. There were in all 1800 subscriptions and much territory to go over to obtain them, and frequently he had to go over the same territory twice.

He seemed in a remarkable degree to be able "to count every man his brother and every house his home." We will allow him to tell in his own language, one or two of his experiences while engaged in raising this fund. This is taken from the account that he wrote out for his friends to see. "A few instances of the dear

Master's goodness to me in my exercising labor I feel like noting down. It was a summer evening near the close of harvest, the second year of my work, that I called on a well-to-do farmer, one of the influential men in his community, to obtain if possible a subscription. They had had supper when I arrived, but his kind Christian wife quickly arranged for my repast, telling me that when her husband came in I must not mind if he spoke a little harshly to me. Before I had finished he came in, and seeing a stranger at the table, he looked earnestly at me, the wife at the same time telling him who I was. He replied quickly in rather a sharp tone, 'Oh! yes, I know you, I know you are going to make pauperism popular, by taking good care of the children. I can give you nothing.' I quietly replied, 'I have not asked thee for anything,' he answered, 'Yes, but I suppose you are going to.'

"After his evening work was done he came in and I tried to make myself agreeable in conversation on topics that appeared to interest him, until the time to retire arrived, when I told him it was my practice to read a chapter in the Scriptures before going to bed. When they brought a Bible, I read aloud with their consent and wish, and quietly retired for the night, without a word in reference to my business. In the

morning when breakfast was ready his wife brought the Bible and I read again for them. At the table he seemed quiet, although naturally a talkative man. I also kept quiet, apprehending that there was a struggle going on within him, and if there was any work to be done the Master would have it to do. At last he spoke, 'I did say that I would not give anything to that Institution, but I expect that I will have to,' after which he went into the room with me and gave me the largest subscription in the township.

"Another instance of a somewhat different character occurred to me in the same township. I was engaged in a neighborhood where there were farmers of moderate means and was informed by everyone that I need not call on a certain family. When I asked if they were not able to pay, I was informed, 'Yes as able as any of us.' They were said to never give to anything and were considered stingy and miserly. However when, in the course of my rounds, I came to their house I did not consider I should deviate from my usual custom of calling on everybody, so I stopped. It was a half hour before their dinner time, and when I entered I found the wife and mother had dinner well under way, she invited me to a seat in the sitting room, stating that her husband would soon be in. Before com-

ing in he cared for my horse and I was soon kindly invited out to dinner. After the meal I informed them that I would like some talk with them in reference to my business. The woman told her husband and myself to go into the next room and she would soon be in. She came and sat down on one side of me, her husband being on the other, where we sat and talked over the subject for three hours, when they favored me with a subscription, signed by them both, for a sum as large as all their neighbors together. They were wonderfully interested in the plan and work."

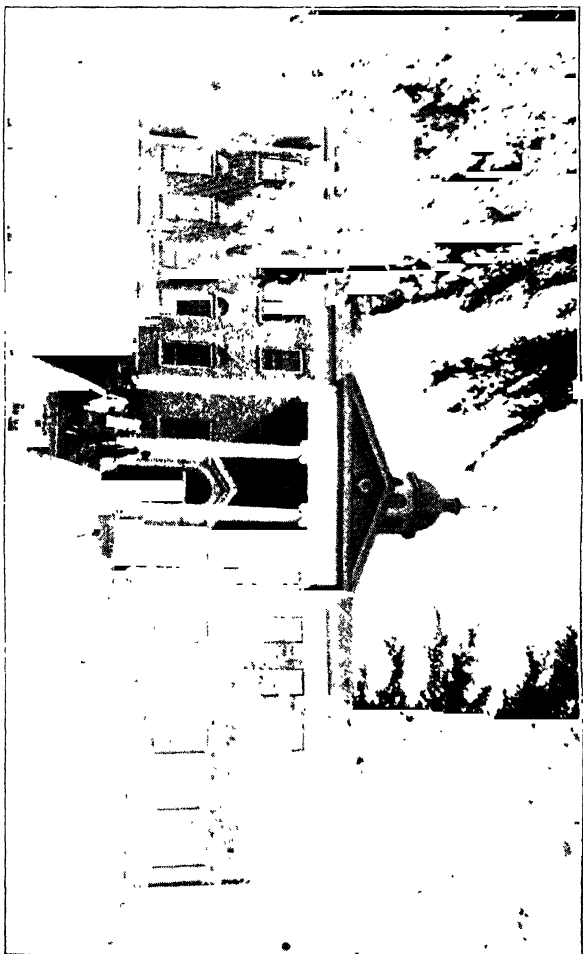
It was the evening of the same day, it being Seventh day, that John Fowler felt it right to go to a Christian home where he had been before to spend the night and First day; again quoting from his own account, "When I arrived at this house I found their son, a young man of perhaps twenty-five, had just returned from a religious conference bringing with him a young minister of their denomination, who was to preach for them the next day. This young minister, I perceived, soon took more notice of me than strangers usually did. While the family were about their evening work he informed me that he had been brought up in a Friends' community, in a neighboring State, and had received part of his

education in a Friends' school and had often attended their meetings. He expressed the thought that he perhaps would have joined Friends if he had remained in that community until he had felt the need of leading a religious life. After the family were through with their work, he addressed them as follows; "The Friends or Quakers do not believe in war, under any circumstances, but in the time of our Civil War a few of their young men did not remain faithful to the testimony of the Society. One of this character, with whom I was acquainted, invited me one Sabbath to attend Quaker Meeting with him. On the way to the meeting the young man, who had violated the Society's testimony by enlisting, remarked that if old man A had anything to say about soldiers that day, he would shoot him right there, putting his finger on his breast. When we arrived we were a little late, and we immediately entered. After a time the minister referred to as A arose, unbuttoned his coat and vest and putting his finger against his breast said, "Thee can shoot me right here," and then went on and preached a most powerful sermon.' I asked the young minister how the young man in question seemed after meeting; he said he had little to say all the way home." John Fowler goes on to say that he had often thought

in connection with this anecdote, how important it was for Friends to keep to the true anointing in their ministry.

As a result of our Friend's efforts a Children's Home was established on the outskirts of Athens, the County Seat of Athens County, in a beautiful location with an outlook over hill and valley and with healthful surroundings. While the building has recently been rebuilt and is now modern in every particular, the original building for which our Friend raised the money becoming too small to hold the children, it was through his labors that this present building became a possibility. Also there is not much doubt but that his earnest efforts to arouse the people of one county of the State to the need of such an Institution, had state-wide effect and was a factor in bringing about helpful state legislation by which all such institutions have now state aid. The State of Ohio now has a very good system worked out in practically every county, to take care of such children.

As a result of his arduous labors John Fowler, during the third year of his work, was laid on a bed of sickness, already alluded to, from which it looked for a time that he might not arise but would be called to his Maker with his work unfinished; but after about sixteen weeks in bed he



THE ATHENS COUNTY ORPHANAGE, OHIO.

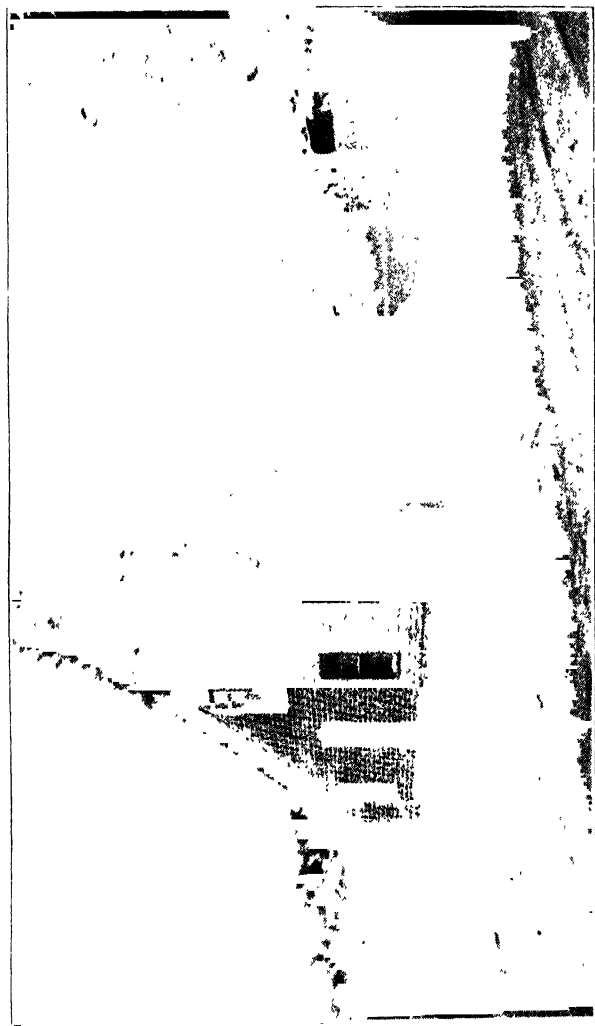
finally recovered and was enabled to complete the task. In all he canvassed a county of fourteen townships, each about seven miles square. Few thought he would succeed when he started out on his undertaking and many said if he did, that such children would not amount to anything and were not worth looking after. However, time amply proved that something could be made of them, and John Fowler lived to hear from many of those whom his labors helped to start on the road of life. In his many visits to the Home he was always a welcome guest, and his heart was cheered by the improved conditions of the more than seventy-five children that the institution could accommodate.

A visitor to this Home will even today find many kindly inquiries about the Fowlers, and a heart-felt appreciation of our Friend's labors on behalf of these homeless ones. An interesting memorial of John Fowler is found hanging on the walls of the Superintendent's office in this building. John Fowler has written out in his own hand-writing a list of the subscribers, township by township, without giving the amount of the individual subscriptions, only the totals being given. He also, on the side of this document, wrote out the agreement he had with the county officials about the collecting of the funds

and their use after collection. This has been framed and some one has written as a title to it, "This Home was founded by the beneficence of the Citizens of Athens County at the solicitation of John S. Fowler."

It was at the close of these arduous labors on behalf of others that John Fowler was united in marriage with Esther Heustis, already a recorded minister of the Gospel of Christ. It was some time in the year 1882 that this occurred. Esther Heustis had appeared as a minister in the year 1876 and about five years later was "recorded." She was a member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting while her future husband was a member of Plymouth Monthly Meeting, near Bartlett, Ohio. It was a rather unusual couple that were thus united in the bonds of matrimony. The groom was thirteen years the elder, and was a semi-invalid, as was likewise his wife. In Esther's account of her husband, written years later, she says of him, that he was a very helpful companion, that in the Gospel labors she felt called upon to carry out from time to time, he spared no effort to assist in what they both felt and believed to be the Will of the Master.

She had for a number of years believed it would be right for her to visit Egypt, but they were both so weak physically that it seemed for



THE HOME OF JOHN AND ESTHER FOWLER NEAR BARTLETT OHIO

a time to themselves as well as to their friends as if it would hardly be accomplished. Again we see in this effort how their lives complemented each other. Esther Fowler had, at first, the religious concern and as a result of it, it was made possible for her husband's second great work for suffering children, this time in far away Egypt. In the meantime, however, there were many smaller concerns arising which they felt right to carry through and which they did with the encouragement of their friends.

After their marriage they resided for a number of years in a small house close to the public highway near the grove in which the Meeting house stood just north of the town of Bartlett. The Meeting house has now become private property and has been moved from its old location, nothing remaining except the graveyard and the hoary trees to tell the tale of the rise and fall of a Quaker community. On the records of this Monthly Meeting, still preserved, is found the following pathetic minute, under date of Eleventh month, 25th, 1897, signed by the clerk; "Under a humiliating sense of our own weak and wasted condition, this meeting now concludes to meet no more in the capacity of a Monthly Meeting. Benjamin J. Hobson, Clerk."

The first minute Esther Heustis received was

one to visit the families of her own Monthly Meeting. After her marriage we find her engaged in various undertakings. One of the most interesting was a minute granted her in the fall of 1886 to visit amongst the colored people of the South and for some other service. In this visit she and her husband were acceptably at Tuskegee; on the way south, while changing cars at Somerset, Kentucky, they overheard a person speaking of some prisoners, but they paid little or no attention to what was being said. Resuming their journey Esther Fowler's mind became exercised on account of the prisoners she had heard spoken of, and she felt there might be some service required of her amongst them; knowing nothing, however, about their location they were at a loss how to proceed, and no one seemed able to give any information. As they went on their journey her exercise of mind increased and she felt best satisfied to get off the train at Greenwood, Kentucky, and endeavor to obtain some information in regard to these prisoners. They went to a hotel and inquired if there were any prisoners in that locality and were informed that eight hundred men had been brought there from the state prison to work in the mines nearby. They asked the hotel keeper if he thought they would be allowed to visit

them, he replied that the men worked in the mines all day and the only time they could see them would be at night after they had gone to bed and he did not think they would be allowed to do this. They also found that the prison was a half mile distant over rather swampy ground covered with underbrush, and the only means of conveyance would be by mule back or on foot. With all these discouraging things before her, Esther nevertheless felt better satisfied to make the attempt. So about dark they set out accompanied by the landlady and her daughter, who had volunteered to go with them. By the aid of a lantern they proceeded on foot and finally reached the quarters after the prisoners had retired to bed. Their sleeping apartments consisted of two long pens built a few feet apart with a hall or sort of open court between them; there were four hundred white men in one pen and four hundred Negroes in the other. The keeper rather reluctantly consented to the visit. They entered the apartment accompanied by guards carrying guns, and no light except that given by lanterns. The bunks of the prisoners were arranged in tiers along the walls and after the doors were shut and locked one of the keepers called out, "Come up, boys." Instantly four hundred heads appeared over the edge of the bunks.

Esther almost immediately began to speak to them, and it was remarked by those with them how very quiet the prisoners were. Esther having delivered her message to both white and colored, they again returned to the hotel and the next morning resumed their journey south. In speaking of this experience later she said, it almost upset her for a moment in the pen of the blacks, when at the command she saw four hundred black woolly heads stuck out over the edge of the bunks.

In the early part of the year 1887 John Fowler was appointed an Elder of his Meeting, and in the year 1889 there appears on the records of the meeting the first minutes granted these two Friends to visit within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. This proved in every way an eventful trip, and was the beginning of the connection with Philadelphia Friends that was not entirely broken during the rest of their lives. They paid a second visit in 1891, which was soon followed by their moving to West Chester, Pa., taking their certificates with them from Plymouth Monthly Meeting, Ohio. They became members of Birmingham Monthly Meeting and there remained for about five years. A Philadelphia Friend who knew them well writes thus of their stay in West Chester; "The outstanding

impression made on my mind by Esther Fowler's stay of five years in West Chester was that her course was a remarkable example of a life of faith. Certain concerns rested heavily on her mind, and although to some of her Friends it seemed almost an impossibility to carry them out, considering her frail constitution and other difficulties, she did not appear to waver in her belief she must and could follow the gleam. Uplifting this banner and never lowering it till the ends had been accomplished, she gave to a compromising world a signal lesson of devotion to Christ.

"Her life partook of the dignity and strength that follow profound conviction. Hence her preaching was no light and easy matter. I remember how she would quote the passage about keeping a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man and that was evidently her great desire. When she laid her concerns before the meeting it was done with a solemnity and depth of feeling that made it seem a Divine impulse, as no doubt it was. Her visits to Philadelphia after going to Ohio again to reside, were appreciated by Friends here, and showed her continued interest in us and her willingness to labor for our good. Her love for us was so strong that when

she found it necessary to disagree, she was able to do it with unruffled kindness.

“I remember how welcome she was when she came to call on my mother during her long illness in the spring of 1905. She spoke about as follows:—‘I believe the Dear Master is very near thee and I have remembered the language, As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is (and will be) round about His people from henceforth and forever, and I believe He is very near thee and will continue to be with thee to the end, and in the end will gather thee to Himself, there to glorify Him forever and forever.’ ”

While members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting she and her husband continued their work for others; we find on the records of Birmingham Monthly Meeting several minutes granted for different services. There was one to visit the families of her own Monthly Meeting, another to visit a prison in Reading, Pa., and appoint a meeting there, another to attend Kansas Yearly Meeting and the meetings composing it.

It was during the stay in West Chester that, under a sense of religious duty, Esther Fowler obtained a minute for service in the northeastern part of Africa. She was accompanied on this trip by her husband, who was, so long as he lived,

her faithful companion on most of her religious undertakings. One who knew her well says that this trip was for her a great trial of faith, because the call seemed so indefinite and both she and her husband were so frail in body, but there seemed nothing to do but obey. She says that the first opening for this call came when she was prostrated on a bed of sickness, some years before, and being much discouraged about getting better the language arose, "Thou shalt yet cross the Nile."

The wording of the minute granted her by Birmingham Monthly Meeting read as follows, "To visit some inhabitants of North Eastern Africa, and possibly for some service between here and there." It settled down eventually to a concern to visit Mission Schools of the city of Cairo, or at least that was where most of her work was done while in that country.

On the ocean trip to England, the first stage of the journey, in the brief account which John Fowler has left, he speaks of their being sea sick, in fact Esther kept her room most of the way across. He discusses in an interesting manner the tip system that prevails on ocean steamers, and in rather an amusing way tells of his experience in paying a tip to one of the stewards who had nothing to do with them, mistaking him

for the one who was waiting on them, and how he went to the man and had the matter set straight to every one's satisfaction. He be-moans the fact that such a system exists and indeed says things about it that many others who have been on the ocean could heartily endorse. Two Philadelphia Friends crossed the ocean on the same steamer on their way to attend London Yearly Meeting. They were Jonathan E. Rhoads with William Evans as a companion. Jonathan Rhoads having a concern to hold a meeting in the steerage, John Fowler accompanied the two Friends and was much interested and dipped into much sympathy for those who were thus travelling. When later, on First day, they endeavored to have a Friends' Meeting in the First Class Cabin, they were informed by the Captain that only services of the Church of England were allowed, and so they had to give that up and sit down in silence in their own cabins.

They reached England in time to attend some of the sessions of London Yearly Meeting, then there was some misunderstanding about passports, which it was necessary for them to obtain before sailing for Egypt.

They did not feel entirely clear about taking the full affirmation required, for fear it would in some way compromise our well known testi-

mony in regard to war. The account is not clear whether they finally went without passports, or that the matter was so arranged for them that they could take the necessary affirmation. However as that may be, they were satisfied to proceed on their journey. While in London they presented their minute for service for endorsement of the Meeting of Sufferings of London Yearly Meeting. It seemed a vague prospect and several pointed questions were asked. To these questions John Fowler responded that they could not be more explicit, their Heavenly Father they believed was leading them on and they trusted He would make His purpose clear. Thereupon Edward Grubb in a very impressive manner said he felt the occasion one of deep instruction for London Yearly Meeting. Here were two Friends somewhat advanced in years, in feeble health, entirely ready to answer their Lord's call and to trust implicitly to Him. That spirit of confident trust was what the Society of Friends most needed to make it an effective instrument in building the Kingdom.

While crossing France and entering Italy, they were much impressed with the beauty of the scenery. The voyage across the Mediterranean, while giving them some decidedly inconvenient physical experiences, was on the whole

much enjoyed. On arriving at Alexandria they soon proceeded to Cairo and, as was their custom, sat down in the quiet of their room to determine if possible what the Lord had for them to do.

It has already been said that Esther Fowler had, on leaving home, no very definite idea as to what her work in Egypt was to be, but once when the subject of Egypt was on her mind, she had run across the name of Mary L. Whatley in connection with schools in Cairo. So now as they sat in the silence of their room, this name again presented itself with one of those impressions she had always found important and significant in her life work. So they decided to start out with an interpreter as guide, to find the Mission Schools of Cairo. After going down one of the streets their guide stopped in front of one of the buildings, and with John started to enter to investigate what might be the character of the place. While they were in the building, Esther felt so impressed with the importance of the place for her work, that she followed and the first sight that met her eyes was an inscription over the portal, "Mary L. Whatley School for Girls." Here a beginning was made and they were warmly welcomed by those in authority, and from this school her work was carried on to

other Mission Schools of the city. Often in visiting the schools they would send one of the students to talk with her, and sometimes she found wonderful opportunities for giving instruction to some of these students on the great question of salvation and the life and work of the Blessed Redeemer of men. Of such interviews she always loved to tell. In one of the schools the teacher sent a young Jewish boy for her to converse with. Esther asked him what he knew about his Savior. He replied "Excuse me, madam, but I have never read anything but the Old Testament." Her reply was, "I hope thee will read about this Savior for He is a dear Savior, for I have loved Him and found Him so." The reply of the boy was, "When God speaks to me by His Spirit I hope I may." There was some more conversation which seemed to impress the boy very much and Esther afterward expressed the opinion that this was the loudest preaching that she ever did.

In Esther Fowler's account of the life of her husband, mentioned above, she says that John Fowler became impressed with the suffering and misery of the children of that unhappy land. His feelings were touched as they had been before for the children of his home land, and while having no children of his own, yet his heart

seemed to go out to the children of all lands that were miserable and distressed. As we have seen, they had done much of their work while in Egypt through the Protestant Mission Schools in Cairo. In the American Mission building they found an enrollment of over six hundred pupils, among whom were more than sixty young men who were being educated as teachers for their own people. The marked difference in the countenances of these students, as well as in many of the children in the different schools visited, as contrasted with those on the streets, was striking. On the return voyage from Alexandria to Marseilles the distressed condition of these thousands of destitute children, and especially of the blind, strongly impressed his mind. This was followed by the conviction that after his arrival in America he should endeavor to interest the religiously minded, both in America and Great Britain in their behalf, so as to furnish sufficient means to provide for a large number of them; to clothe, feed and educate them, and to introduce into Egypt the methods of training the blind to useful pursuits, which have proved so effective in Christian communities.

The American United Presbyterian Mission which has an educational establishment in successful operation in Cairo, heartily entered into



CHILDREN AT THE FOWLER ORPHANAGE, CAIRO, EGYPT

sympathy with the concern, and agreed to take charge of the funds collected and to use them according to the wishes of our two Friends. One paragraph from the articles of agreement entered into by our friend John Fowler is here quoted:—"It is provided, however, that the institution shall always be kept under the influence, care and superintendence of Protestant Christian teachers and officers, who shall endeavor to instruct the inmates in the precepts of the New Testament; that war or military drill shall never be taught therein." Another condition was that the doctrines of a full belief in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ should be taught.

The following quotation from Amelia B. Edwards, well known writer and Egyptologist, will make clearer the conditions that so distressed John Fowler and led him to his work: "It may be," she says "that ophthalmia especially prevailed in this part of the country, or that being brought unexpectedly into the midst of a large crowd, one observed the people more carefully, but I certainly never saw so many one-eyed human beings as that morning at Minieh.

"There must have been present in the streets and market places from ten to twelve thousand natives of all ages, and I believe it is no exaggeration to say that at least every twentieth per-

son down to toddling children of three or four years old was blind of an eye. I have seen infants lying in their mother's arms with six or eight flies in each eye. I have seen the little hands put down reprovingly if they approached the seat of annoyance. I have seen children of four or five years old with the surface of one or both eyes eaten away, and others with a large fleshy lump growing where the pupil had been destroyed. Taking then these things into consideration, the wonder is, after all, not that three out of every five children in Egypt should die, not that each twentieth person in a certain district should be blind, but that as many as forty per cent of the whole infant population should live to grow up, and that ninety per cent should enjoy the blessing of sight. For my own part I had not been many weeks on the Nile before I began systematically to avoid going about the native towns where it was practicable to do so. The condition of the children is so distressing that one would willingly go any number of miles out of the way rather than witness their suffering, without any power to alleviate it."

John Fowler was feeling much the effects of advancing age when he started to collect the money for this new concern, and when he had raised the sum of \$10,000, he felt relieved from

further work in the matter, so the money was handed over to the Mission Board, as indicated above. The treasurer of the Presbyterian Board has given the information that the exact sum collected by our Friend was \$10,379.74, and that others, whose interest had been aroused by his efforts, contributed direct to them sufficient to make the total \$19,379.74. With this amount the orphanage was started, and was called the Fowler Orphanage. It has had rather an eventful history. A few years after it had been started it had outgrown its quarters and a wealthy man, whom John Fowler had interested in the enterprise, dying, left in his will a considerable sum to help with the carrying on of the work.

With this in view those in charge sold the old buildings and all arrangements were made for more extensive quarters, and the agreement entered into for them, when the heirs broke the will, and the orphanage failed to get the sum. They were then in desperate straits, seemingly, but just at the right moment, from an unknown source, a large sum was sent them, being sufficient to carry on the project as intended. It has been the aim of the management to carry out the work as nearly as possible as they believed the Fowlers would have wished. In a letter from one in care of the movement who knew both our

Friends, the writer says of them, "John S. Fowler and his wife hold a very dear place in my heart, for their noble Christian character, and the example of Christ they set for all of us, and their concern for these very needy and helpless ones in Egypt."

The following extracts are from letters from individuals, who are now or who were workers in the Fowler Orphanage in Cairo, Egypt. One of these workers, Margaret A. Smith, as the letter indicates, had much to do in helping them when visiting there. She wrote: "Your kind letter came yesterday in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and their visit to Cairo some years ago. I recall their visit to Haret Sakkacen School. They went with me to this part of the city. Mr. Fowler was very much affected by the condition of the children in the streets. So sad was he that he actually shed tears when he saw the difference between them and the school children who were so clean and happy. Mrs. Fowler talked and prayed and I translated for her. They said they wanted to do something to help the poor children and I told them that I thought an orphanage would be a good thing and something that was very much needed. This seemed to suit their thought also, and after some years the orphanage was begun. The money that Mr. and

Mrs. Fowler gathered could be used only for a building or Home and the foreign Board had no money to give for living expenses, that is for food and clothing, so I was allowed to begin trusting the Lord for these things and He has graciously provided for all their needs from that time to the present, and I am sure that He will always care for them.

“The Orphanage was begun in March 1906 in a little school on the south side of Cairo. Afterwards we learned that some of the Fowler money could be used to rent a house. We then rented a house and I went to live with the children and two teachers and a woman to care for the little ones. The Lord blessed the Fowler Orphanage and we soon had a large day school, with church services connected with it. After four years we were obliged to leave this place and go to the north part of the city, to find a house large enough for the school and orphanage. When I opened the Orphanage I said I would never ask any financial help except of the Lord and we have acted on that plan ever since and have never been disappointed. The Egyptian brethren and sisters have been very much interested in it and have helped liberally. Some of the girls have married and made good Christian homes, and some have become faithful teachers, and

others Bible teachers in the homes of the people. There are over fifty girls in the Home at the present time, besides a day school. The work has been blessed of the Lord, and has brought many souls to know the Lord Jesus Christ. Please excuse mistakes as the writer is so *near blind* that it is with great difficulty she can see to write and yet her blessings are very many. Sincerely your friend, Margaret A. Smith."

From the other letter the following extracts are made: "John and Esther Fowler were in Egypt only a short time, I think it was in 1892. Thousands and thousands of people have visited Egypt to see the wonderful ruins, etc. The missionaries often feel that the tourists are a real hindrance to the Lord's work. They so often seem to leave their religion at home. If all American tourists were led of the Holy Spirit as John and Esther Fowler were, what a blessing they would be to this needy world. I count it a privilege to work here. I am trying to carry on the work as it was begun in humble dependence upon our Heavenly Father."

The following letter was received by Esther Fowler on the death of her husband:—"Mrs. Esther Fowler, Dear friend:—I am sorry to learn of the passing away of your esteemed husband and my friend, John S. Fowler, of which

your kind letter informs me. I thank you for writing me. I had a high regard for Mr. Fowler and he had a warm place in my heart, for I deeply appreciated his noble Christian character, the purity of his life and motives and his self sacrificing spirit in the Master's Kingdom and service. Especially do I recall his concern for the Master's helpless little ones both in our country and in Egypt. What a splendid work was he instrumental in doing among them, in the name of that Saviour in Whose service he found so much joy. Surely, he rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

"He has been able to be the means of beginning a work in our Egyptian Mission, Cairo, Egypt, which has done so much good and the beneficial influence of which shall increasingly continue, and bring honor to Him Who had so great concern for the little, helpless ones when on this earth. Humbly, faithfully, and with self-sacrifice, and without seeking praise of men, he labored in these things. The world is better and richer for his life and poorer because he has gone away. My own life has been helped by coming in contact with him. * * * * * I assure you the members of our Board join with me in all that I have written above. We all deeply sympathize with you in your loss. Reciprocating your kind

regards, I am, Sincerely your friend, Robert L. Latimer." (Robert L. Latimer is the treasurer of the Board of the United Presbyterian Missions.)

After returning to their homes from this trip abroad, our Friends at times felt called to other service, and we find them travelling with minutes to various places, once so far west as the Pacific Coast, in the year 1897. After this trip they moved to reside within the limits of New Garden Monthly Meeting, Ohio, and settled at Winona, where they lived the remainder of their lives.

While still in West Chester, Esther Fowler frequently felt called upon for service, as she believed for her Master, without having the means to accomplish the undertaking. It is related that at one time she felt required to attend a neighboring meeting which necessitated their going by public conveyance. Being at this time in very limited circumstances, she says, "I gave way to discouragement, feeling we could not afford the expense, acquainted my husband with the concern, at the same time saying, 'If we have to be going about in this way, I wish some one would feel like handing us our carfare.' He encouraged me to faithfulness and we proceeded on our way and had not gone far when an individ-

ual, who at that time was a stranger to us, came forward in the car, and handing us some money said, 'If any money would be acceptable in helping pay car fare you will be welcome to it.' Instantly the language passed through my mind, 'Oh! why couldst thou not trust me; have I not been ever mindful of thy needs?' I felt so humbled by the occurrence I thought I would never be so lacking in faith again."

When returning her last minutes for service while a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, she wrote as follows, from Winona: "Although this service was entered upon and has been performed in much weakness, yet it has been accomplished with the belief that He, who knoweth our frame, did not withhold His goodness and mercy in giving a renewed extension of help in the particular object in view. And we were also the recipients of much kindness and care from Friends and others with whom we mingled, this help being so needful. The combined favors were cause for humble thankfulness unto Him, Who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and the language has been with me, 'My peace I leave with you.' I wish to express to you, my dear Friends, my grateful acknowledgment for your part in promoting this con-

She often alluded with thankfulness to the kindness and helpfulness of Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, particularly in assisting her husband and herself in carrying out their concern for the visit to Egypt, without which help and active assistance the journey could never have been undertaken.

Settled once more at Winona, Ohio, there was the usual round of visiting and work for others; in spite of advancing age and their frailty, they seemed ever to have an attentive ear for the voice and bidding of the Master, and were ever ready to do all in their power to carry out the work required of them.

There is an account during this period of a trip to Japan. Again she gave up to the will of her Lord and she and her faithful husband crossed the Pacific. Her minute, like the one granted for the Egyptian trip, was very general and somewhat noncommittal; she seemed to feel that the way would be shown her from day to day, as we know it was. One who knew them there, spoke as follows to some students, soon after their return from Japan; "Esther Fowler might wonder why she, a delicate woman, should be called to such service; just to cross the broad Pacific and visit a small group of people as she did in Tokyo; but those who were there and were

with her and her husband are willing to testify that the visit was of great value for the work of Christianity amongst the Japanese. And it was the testimony of some, that they never saw any who had made a deeper impression on the Japanese than these two Friends."

Another account by one who was a teacher in the school mentioned at the time of the visit follows; "I think it was in Tenth Month, 1908, that John and Esther Fowler paid a religious visit to Japan. They said that for a long time they had had intimations of a call to visit some distant Island and when the call to Japan became clear, they were obedient to the Heavenly vision. Frail in health as both of them were, they dreaded the long journey by land and by sea. They knew almost nothing of Japan or its people, and their apprehension of duty was very general; 'To the people of Japan' I believe they expressed it. As Esther Fowler was some degree of kin to Mary Elkinton Nitobe of Tokyo, she wrote to her of the proposed visit expecting that the Nitobe home would be their stopping place while in Japan. As the Nitobes were in crowded quarters preparatory to building a new house, Mary Nitobe felt they could not make the Fowlers comfortable, and came to the teachers' residence of Friends' Girls' School asking us if we could

not take them in, at the same time offering to send any needed furnishings. It happened that my mother and sister were spending the year in Japan, and by giving up their sitting room, a comfortable room for the old people was arranged.

“On their arrival the Fowlers were met by a young Japanese man of the Nitobe household and conducted to Friends’ Mission. It was a surprise and no doubt a disappointment to them to learn of this arrangement. They had not known that there were Friends in Japan, as they had no knowledge of the Friends’ Mission. However, they accepted readily the arrangements made and were much appreciated visitors throughout their stay. The strain of the long journey had left John Fowler unusually weak and it soon became apparent that he would be unable for much activity. They felt it would not be wise to go about the city in electric cars or even in jinrikishas, our usual mode of travel, and so they hired a carriage whenever they left the Mission grounds. They went out, I think, only five or six times, once or twice to the Nitobe home, visits at some mission schools, and once I remember to the home of C. Kaifu, the Japanese minister of Friends’ meeting, who was also President of Friends’ Girls’ School. A group

of the leading members of Friends meeting had been invited to his home, especially to give the visiting Friends an opportunity with them.

"As the days passed by and way opened for so little activity, Esther Fowler sometimes said she wondered why the Lord had called them hither if there was nothing they had strength to do. But they were not passing the time idly. They came into frequent contact with the more than one hundred girls of the school and the corps of American and Japanese teachers. Visits to the students in their rooms were not without wholesome influence. Tokyo Friends' meeting too was there on the Mission grounds and they attended it and gave helpful messages.

"Esther Fowler had a concern to speak to the students of the Tokyo Imperial University, a men's institution, where Inazo Nitobe was a professor. After thoughtful consultation, it was decided to appoint a special meeting to be held at Friends' Meeting house, to which the University students were to be invited. It was understood that it was to be conducted just as the Fowlers thought best, all local Friends staying in the background. The result was a meeting conducted after the ancient custom of Friends. Most persons present had never before attended such a meeting, with a long silence and no sing-

ing. The message was simple, but showed forth the love of our Savior and, interpreted by Inazo Nitobe, must have greatly impressed its hearers.

“When at the end of a month’s stay the Fowlers thought it right, in view of John’s continued weakness, to return by the same steamer that had brought them out, nothing but the sense of having been obedient to God’s call could prevent them from having a keen feeling of disappointment and even of failure. But there were many words of appreciation spoken by those in the Friendly group, and little gifts betokened their kindly feeling towards these saints of Christ, who had so sacrificed their own comfort in making the long journey to preach Christ to the people of Japan.

“And so they went away, not knowing why they had been called to Japan. Years passed by, formative years, in which the type of Friends in Japan was slowly being evolved. Then it became evident that the kind of Meeting for Worship, appreciated most by spiritual Friends, was the unprogrammed meeting, held on the basis of silence. I verily believe that the Fowlers’ call was to the Friends of Japan, although they little guessed it at the time. I have always thought they gave a direction to the thinking of Friends

in Japan that has proven most helpful in establishing a more spiritual form of worship."

On the 11th. of Twelfth Month, 1910, about two years after the Japanese trip, John S. Fowler was removed by death. He had been a very frail companion but his words of sympathy and kindness had helped his wife over many a stony place in life's road, now he was gone and she frequently felt her loneliness. As we have seen their work had been very closely connected and they had gone hand in hand. He had been her faithful companion on nearly all her important journeys since their marriage, and frequently there had grown out of her concern a large labor for her husband, as witnessed by the Egyptian experience.

But there was still work to be done for her Savior, and she still felt the need to obey so as to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and man, as she had always felt. There was still the usual round of visits to meetings and other concerns to record. We have among others an interesting visit paid to the Ohio State Penitentiary in the year 1912. This was in some ways a rather remarkable visit. Women Friends had not often visited this institution. She was allowed the place of a minister of another denomination, in their usual services. The prisoners

were not used to silent meetings or anything that approached silence. As she settled into quietness before the assembled prisoners, they also dropped into silence that was very impressive. Soon she arose and spoke in a very forcible manner, which seemed to touch the feelings of many present, so that some were baptized into tears. After she was through, according to their usual custom, the prisoners were permitted to speak, concerning what they had just heard, or on any other topic which they desired. One old colored man who had been an inmate of the prison a number of years arose and said, "This is the first time a Quakeress has ever visited us, but she has told the truth and we can't get around it and we can't get over it, and we've just got to take it." After this speech the prisoners very quietly passed from the room. The paper printed next day in the prison, in commenting on the circumstances, made these remarks; "When the inmates dislike a speech made to them, they show it by making noises of various kinds; but when they like what they hear they are very quiet; judging by the quietness of the meeting yesterday we would say that the inmates liked very much what was said to them by the Quakeress."

It was in this same year that our Friend vis-

ited the British Isles with a minute, accompanied by Eliza Megrew Steer. She started on this journey on the 10th. of Fourth Month, 1922. She and her companion attended Philadelphia Yearly Meeting before embarking, and it was while this meeting was in session that occurred the disaster to the Titanic. This brought a fresh exercise on her part and that of many deeply interested Friends, and fervent were the supplications in public and private for the safety of the travelers who left Arch St. at the close of the meeting. However the trip proved, so far as weather was concerned, rather uneventful; not an iceberg was seen on the trip; they landed safely in Londonderry, Ireland, going to Dublin in time for the Yearly Meeting. On the voyage, on First day, being in their state room, they were visited by the wife of an Episcopalian minister from Vancouver. A season of silence was broken by Esther, addressing their visitor on the subject of dress, encouraging her to be true to her conviction on the subject and not to be easily turned aside by what others would think or say, and of the importance of her example from the position she held as a minister's wife. On leaving the room, the guest told Esther's companion the interview had been very impressive to her, she had known nothing about Friends and these topics

had been subjects much before her mind, and she knew our Friend had no intimation of her state of mind from any outward means.

We find our Friends next at Dublin Yearly Meeting; one who was present writes thus of first seeing them there; "My first meeting with Esther Fowler was on the occasion of her visit to Dublin Yearly Meeting. I was then living in London, England, and feeling a strong drawing towards a conservative and more primitive type of Friends, I judged it to be right to attend Dublin Yearly Meeting. I arrived in time for the Meeting of Ministry and Oversight, but a little late, as the boat was not able to make schedule time. It was getting dark in the Meeting house and I sat behind a pillar in the back. The certificates of visiting Friends were being read. When it came to the reading of the certificates of Esther Fowler and her companion, I felt strangely moved. I trembled and tears gushed from my eyes. It seemed as if I had been baptized into the concern of these quiet and unassuming Friends from Ohio, whose appearance and manner were so different from the majority of the others. I felt much for the visitors and after the meeting I went up to them and told them how I had been baptized during the reading of their certificates. They were much af-

fectured as I told them of my experience, and I believe it was a comfort to them.

“I saw them again just as they were about to return to America. Esther Fowler, hearing of my prospects to have a religious meeting in Swansea, in Wales, postponed her departure in order to be present and she had her share in the ministry on that occasion. There were many present who were not Friends. It was in that city that Esther Fowler lodged with a Friend whose wife was not particularly in sympathy with Friends, her husband having recently joined the meeting by conviction, a man somewhat prominent in the community. This woman was rather fashionably dressed and some wondered whether the contrast between her and her very plain guest might not prove inconvenient. When about a year after, on a visit to Swansea, I met this woman, she told me with deep feeling how much the visit of Esther Fowler had meant to her. She felt she had entertained a saint of God, a minister of Christ’s own putting forth. It was evident that her life and character and her feelings and attitude toward Truth as professed by Friends had been permanently changed for the better. The savor of that brief visit remained as a permanent possession after our Friend had left ; she had frequent services in the

various sittings of Dublin Yearly Meeting which seemed to be well received, her speeches being usually followed by long silences."

One Friend who had been asked about her visit, in his letter in regard to it, says, "Even to be reminded of her visit, brings a blessing with it, for she was a devoted servant of her Lord and Master, Jesus Christ." Here she met Jane Green with whom she had visited in Belfast seventeen years before, when she and John Fowler were on their trip to Egypt. Foster Green, the husband of Jane Green, was living then also, since that visit each had lost her earthly companion, and both were full of sympathy and love for each other. Several very happy, restful days were spent in the Green home in Belfast after Dublin Yearly Meeting; and from this home Esther Fowler visited several Friends and meetings.

The mutual sympathy and friendship felt by Esther Fowler and Jane Green were very beautiful and during the days spent in this palatial home, Esther was very watchful to know and to do her duty in private as well as in more public circles, oftentimes addressing the servants in the houses visited. Before the parting came Jane Green read the 57th. Psalm when Esther offered a touching petition to the throne of grace for her

aged friend and for members of her household. It was from here our Friends crossed over to England and attended London Yearly Meeting. They were kindly received and traveled as far north as Scotland, visiting meetings in their course, and appointing some in places where it was difficult to attend on the regular meeting days. Fritchley and the small group of Friends there were visited. At Edinburgh, to the meeting appointed there, the aged Charles Thompson was brought in his wheeled chair, and the Friends were given a very warm welcome, later, into his family. After going south as far as Wales, where they attended a meeting at Swansea to which allusion has already been made, they returned to Ireland and after visiting a few more meetings her service on this trip ended with a meeting at Cork.

There Esther's last testimony and vocal prayer on this visit were offered. After quoting Scripture she had often quoted before, she addressed those with secret trials known perhaps only to themselves and their Redeemer, then alluded to the fact that she and her companion were about to return home after doing, in a feeble way, what seemed called for in these Islands, adding, glad would they be to be reunited with their dear ones, yet she felt a greater joy than this would

be the peace of mind for faithfulness to duty performed. She was followed in supplication by the Friend who sat head of the meeting, Benjamin Haught, who prayed that the dear sisters be permitted a safe return to their homes, referring several times in the course of the prayer to the remarks Esther had made in her sermon. And so a very impressive meeting ended; the next day they started home, reaching New York in the early part of Ninth Month, 1912.

The remaining ten years of her life were spent quietly in the vicinity of her home, in Ohio, with frequent interruptions in spite of growing weakness, visiting meetings and neighborhoods near home, and within the limits of her own Yearly Meeting. She attended her meetings up to the very close of her life. In the record and Memorial prepared by her Monthly Meeting, from which extracts have already been taken, is found this statement; "She attended her Quarterly Meeting on the 13th. of Fifth Month 1922, and her own particular meeting on the 14th. where she was engaged in lively testimony, and on the 17th., after a very brief illness, she quietly passed away, and although the summons came suddenly, we reverently believe she was found with her lamp trimmed and her light burning, ready to meet the Bridegroom of souls."

It is always difficult for those who are contemporary to estimate the influence of two such characters as John and Esther Fowler. There are many things to be learned from such dedicated lives and before closing this sketch one or two anecdotes are given; it seemed difficult to classify these chronologically; we give them that we may the better gauge the influence exerted by these Friends. A young man, a member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, who had been much discouraged about his future, and who was under a great exercise of spirit because of his situation, had occasion to call on a woman Friend in a suburban town not far from Philadelphia on a matter of business. When ushered into the parlor, he was invited to take a seat in the back part of the large room as she had other visitors with whom she had some business. The young man picked up a book on a table and began to read. While thus occupied his attention was attracted to the other occupants of the room with whom he had not as yet spoken, as they were busily engaged in going over some papers at the far end of the room. He recognized them immediately as John and Esther Fowler whom he had known personally for a number of years. Presently he noticed that Esther became quiet and then without any seeming hesitation she

left what she was at, crossed the room and took a chair beside him. She immediately began in a very sympathetic and loving manner to speak words of encouragement to him, laying bare in a most astonishing manner the secrets of his struggles and with such effect that the young man went forth from that house with fresh inspiration and full of encouragement for his work in life.

At the close of one of the sessions of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as she stood in the doorway looking over the large company in the yard, she saw a man for whom she immediately felt that she had a message; being much fatigued and scarcely able to push through the crowd, she let the opportunity pass. The burden lay heavily upon her mind, fearing that the opportunity might never again come for delivering the message. But some time later when she and her husband had been in attendance at a neighboring meeting and were on their way home the Friend with whom they were riding stopped at a house to see a sick man. He invited them to go in with him. They told him they did not know the man and would remain in the carriage. Upon entering the house the invalid asked who was in the carriage. Reply was made, "John and Esther Fowler"; being asked why they did not

come in he was told to go and bring them in for, said the sick man, they would always be strangers if they stayed away from each other. At this invitation they went in and much to Esther's surprise she found, sitting by the invalid, the man for whom she had the concern in the Meeting house yard, and an opportunity was given her to relieve her mind of the exercise and she thankfully embraced it.

Once when passing through a town in the State of Ohio, both Friends were attracted to a young man, either on the street or in a store. Because of the reticence of our Friends in relating these stories it is sometimes difficult to get the exact details of the event and it is so in this case. In some way the young man attracted their notice and Esther was filled with a sense that she ought to speak to him. The inference, in the account given, is that he was a somewhat hardened individual, living a worthless life. Esther and John managed to get a few moments with him and Esther having relieved her mind of what was on it, went on her way. Several years later in a public place they were approached by a young lady who asked them if they were the Fowlers, on being told they were, she brought up this instance, saying she had heard it from the lips of the young man, and that the

unusual character of it and the thorough knowledge of his condition was such that it left an indelible impression; the young man became from that time a reformed character and a worthy Christian worker.

Another anecdote is given on this wise; Esther Fowler was visiting and had gone to her room to rest after a rather exercising day. While she was in her room an individual called at the home; he had the name of being a very great fault finder, and was always criticizing those around him. He was quite a stranger to Esther Fowler and there was no way by which she could know his character. He had been going on in much his usual way, when in a lull of the conversation, Esther rather unexpectedly entered. After the usual introduction, she dropped into the quiet and began with words of encouragement for the individual and then spoke to him of his temptation to find fault with his friends, and in a very loving and affectionate manner besought him to give it up.

Esther Fowler was always careful to keep her mind continually on the Master and was alert to give His message to any stranger to whom her heart was drawn. She was likely to have a message for any neighbor who might call either in her home, or where she was visiting. This may

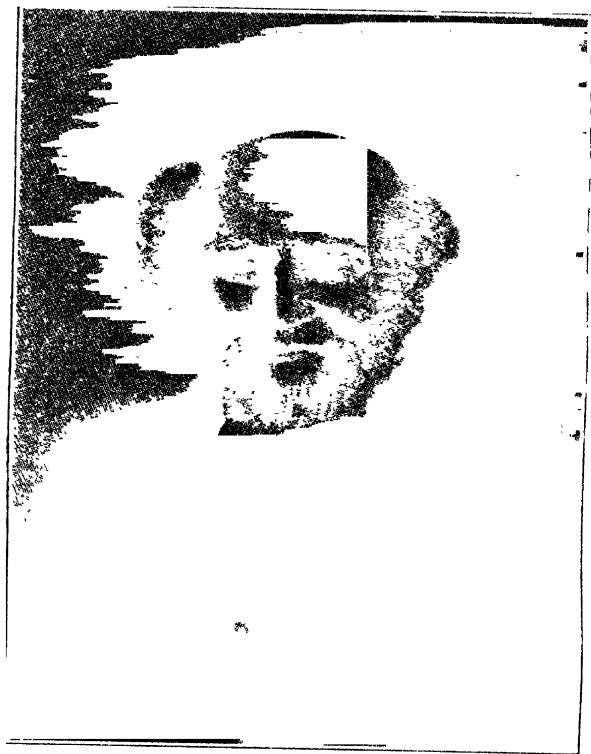
be illustrated by the following anecdote. After her husband's death, she made her home with her niece Hanna C. Fowler; one day her niece had hired a man to plow the garden, as soon as Esther saw the man she asked who he was, and on being told, she said in a playful manner, "I am afraid thee has gotten me into trouble." She then told her niece that she felt required to speak to him and so when the man came for his pay, after finishing his work, Esther spoke to him. It sometimes worried her that she seemed called to this kind of service, especially when visiting, for fear it would prove embarrassing to her hosts. We hear of her speaking to the man who mowed a Friend's yard, to the woman who kept a toll-gate and on another occasion she felt required to address an elderly man apparently in good health, saying, "Set thy house in order for thou shalt die and not live." Her message was kindly received and seemed to make a deep impression on him, and though apparently unconcerned he was enabled to experience a change of heart and gave evidence of a preparation for the end which came soon afterwards. Once when Esther Fowler was being entertained in the family of a Friend who had several men working for him, she felt she ought to speak to a certain young man in the company. She no-

ticed the men at the dinner table and spoke to her hostess after the meal was over and the men had left. Esther did not know the young man, never having seen him before, so she did not even know his name. Her hostess, Mary W. Meyers, called her to the window and she pointed out the young man standing under a tree and said, "It is the individual standing under that tree." Mary immediately asked him to come in, when Esther commenced speaking to him in a manner very suitable to one who was experiencing great trial. It was found out when she finished, although unknown to all present, that he was passing through severe affliction and it was believed that her words were much appreciated and strengthened him to meet with courage the issues of his life.

There must be many other instances of like kind in the lives of these worthies, but they were so humble, so devoted, so trusting, that they did not deem it worth while to tell their Friends about them, and only those things which others knew have ever become public.

Esther Fowler, as a minister, as these instances show, was not one whose ministering and inspiration were confined to meeting and meeting days, but it was all days and at all times that she felt were alike times for inspiration and

opportunities for service as the Master willed, and both of these devoted servants of our Lord and Master, we can believe, accomplished much, being willing to do each day what was called for whether it was the much or the little. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."



ISAAC SHARP.

ISAAC SHARP

1806-1897

When thinking of any new undertaking, ask, Is this agreeable to the mind of God? Is it for His glory? If it is not for His glory, you must have nothing to do with it. Having settled that a certain course is for the glory of God, begin it in His Name and continue it to the end. Trust in God, depend only on Him. Wait on Him. Expect great things from Him. Faint not if the blessing tarries. Pray, pray, pray. Above all, rely only upon the merits of our adorable Lord, that, according to His infinite merits, and not your own, the prayers you offer and the work you do will be accepted.

GEORGE MÜLLER as applicable to the life of
ISAAC SHARP.

ISAAC SHARP

Isaac Sharp was born in Brighton, England, in 1806, the eldest son of Isaac and Mary Likeman Sharp. His parents were both Friends, and he was brought up in the Society. Soon after his mother's death, he was sent to school at Earls Colne, Essex, but of his school days little record remains. In 1827 he entered the business establishment of Day and Robson at Saffron Walden, and remained there for about three years, when he removed to Darlington to become private secretary to Joseph Pease, the first Friend to sit in the House of Commons. His connection with the Pease family continued for over half a century, and he was for many years their trusted steward and agent.

Besides his business engagements, Isaac Sharp busied himself also with many other matters, occupying at once the secretaryship to the Auxiliary Bible Society at Darlington, and to the Friends Public School at Great Ayton "as well as the lighter labour of the secretaryship of the Friends Essay Society at D."

His social qualities made him a welcome companion and his lively, genial nature won him many friends. His quick wit and high imagination carried him along and never failed during his ninety long years. His powers of expression, while expanding with years of public speaking, found vent also in verse making, sometimes thoughtful and serious, sometimes imaginative and sometimes humorous, or again called forth by some occasional event in a far away land. Many of his verses were written for an Essay Society at Saffron Walden.

In 1839 he married Hannah Proctor, North Shields, but their married life lasted but a short time. She died in four years leaving to his care two little girls. The sense of this loss never wholly left him and the anniversary of his wife's death was tenderly remembered to the end of his long pilgrimage. His married life was a time of much happiness, with no drawback save the anxiety caused by his wife's increasing delicacy, which even his sanguine temperament could not lead his watchful love to overlook. But the severance had come sooner than he thought and somewhat suddenly, and though with unfeigned lips he might have said of Him Whose hand had wrought it, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," and although marvelously upheld by

the same Hand, the shock was one from which he did not speedily recover. It has been well said of him that through suffering he became the tender, ready helper of fellow sufferers by many an English fireside, and in many a lonely mission station abroad. There can be no doubt that he found comfort amid the desolation of his time (as J. Bright had done the year before in another field of activity) by yielding himself with greater devotion to his Master's work.

"As a boy I was early taught to remember always that I was in the presence of God," said Isaac Sharp in his old age, and in the last year of his life he thus alluded to the early religious impressions; "Under a powerful visitation of Divine Grace, in the abounding love of God in Christ Jesus, the Lord was graciously pleased to accept the surrender of my young heart to Him, and in perfect peace a willingness was wrought in me to love and serve my Redeemer as He might be pleased to lead the way. There is cause for deep humiliation that the service has been an imperfect one, but over all, the mantle of the love of God is spread: Glory be to His holy name forever."

Isaac Sharp had naturally, no doubt, a decidedly sanguine temperament and perhaps to such a man faith and strong belief of God's omni-

presence and of his own commission as His ambassador on earth. He had a faith which often seemed to others to remove mountains. He heard the call, knew the voice, and was ready to obey. An American Friend who was often with him in later years in his journeyings in America, wrote: "As we remember him in our homes and in our meetings so he was everywhere he went, an enlivening and inspiring presence. The aged were animated by his cheerful spirit. Little children were drawn to him in playful confidence. All ages and classes enjoyed his company. But above all the ordinary incidents of his world encircling mission, there stands out the memory of the Ambassador for Christ, the exponent of our faith in the reality of spiritual guidance and of an inspired ministry. He was among us as a messenger bearing the credentials of a Divine commission, following a path shown by superhuman direction, and was, as the Psalmist says, 'anointed with fresh oil' for ever-varying occasions, and the needs of every new day."

Isaac Sharp realized that Christ must call, prepare and qualify His ambassadors, and that they should preach under the influence of His spirit. He alone knows the inmost needs of the congregation, and He alone can give the soul-reaching and quickening word.

What was the special message which Isaac Sharp felt himself called of God to proclaim to the world at home and abroad in journeyings oft and in perils not a few? Some one has answered on this wise: "His mission was essentially to preach the Gospel of the love of God to mankind, to impress his hearers with the need of a clear assurance that all was well with his soul, and the importance that, come life or come death, Christ was his and he was Christ's."

In 1832 Isaac Sharp spoke in Darlington meeting for the first time, and ten years later he was recorded as a minister there. For fifty-five years he laboured in the ministry, devoting more and more of his time and strength to this work and gradually withdrawing from business cares. Even in his first years in Darlington, many of his business journeys for his employers, became, with their approval, opportunities for religious service. In his long life he was led by his Lord into a series of religious labours almost unique in extent and duration. Forty-five times did he lay before the Friends of Darlington district various calls to religious service in almost every part of England, and on all the Continents, "concerns" to which after serious deliberation, the Monthly Meeting gave its concurrence.

During the four years following 1842, he vis-

ited, and laboured from time to time, in Yorkshire, Northumberland, Lancashire, Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Devon, Cornwall, the Isles of Scilly and the Channel Islands, and then came the first call to service in a foreign land. In 1846 he made the first trip of his eight visits to the Friends in Norway, his companions being Edwin O. Tregelles and John Bridge. The Norwegian Friends have had a unique history thus described by Isaac Sharp; "We found a little company there, wonderfully gathered together. That little company had been there established, strange to say, by prisoners of war at Chatham. There a few Norwegians and others got hold of one of the Friends' books—how I do not know, and I think it was only a fragment of it, and there they saw something speaking of a spiritual religion that they had never understood among the Lutherans, and they sometimes sat down in silence to wait upon the Lord. This influenced a few of their friends, and it went on increasing and increasing, till I think there were from sixteen to seventeen who assembled for worship. Then came the end of the war and the discharge of the prisoners to their own homes.

"When they got back to Norway, poor, unknown, and looked slightly upon, because, for conscience sake, they dared not go and worship

where the others of their families attended, they yet grew and grew in numbers, till in thirty years they had a nice little Meeting-house. They were tender in spirit, true, dear, simple-hearted people, living to the Lord, willing to suffer for His sake." The entire number may be stated thus: members forty; their children 18; attenders sixty-three; their children thirty-four. Included in this number was Elias Tastet. It appears the little Society took its date about the year 1814. In 1818 they were visited by William Allen and nephew and by Stephen Grellet, and in 1822 by Thomas Shillitoe. The present comfortable Meeting-house was erected by Elias Tastet.

Besides the main body of Friends in Stavanger, the English Friends visited the small meetings in the vicinity and also at Burton, and were everywhere most kindly welcomed. After his companions had returned home Isaac Sharp remained for a longer visit, and finally closed his Scandinavian tour with a remarkable visit to the King of Norway, of which he wrote: "My mind was under deep exercise in reference to the King of Norway and Sweden before leaving London, but I felt it was one of the things which must be pondered in the heart. I proceeded to Elsinore. The King was at Helsingborg. The way opened to my wondering view, and after

three days' trial of faith, the Baron Manderstrom kindly called at the hotel to conduct me to the King's apartments. The interview was relieving. At parting the King extended his hand and pronounced the word 'farewell.' "

For the next sixteen years Isaac Sharp's work was chiefly in England, Scotland, and as far as the Orkney and Shetland Islands, but in 1862, after having it a long time on his mind, he paid a wonderful visit to Iceland. Some apprehension was felt as to how he would be received by the ecclesiastical authorities there, as the Lutheran is the State religion and there are no other churches. Nothing, however, could have been more cordial than his reception by bishop, clergy, and people, and he was always helped to gain an audience or an opportunity to speak; several times the country ministers made opportunities for him to address the people either before or after the regular church service.

Various islands near Iceland were also visited, the travelling, sometimes in open boats and always dependent of wind and tide, was often hazardous. On completing their visit to the Westman Islands, the travellers found themselves prevented by the high seas from returning at once to Iceland. Isaac Sharp well knew how to turn to account such a forced delay, and an-

other meeting was held, this time in the Court House, at which over five hundred persons attended. Then Isaac Sharp felt that it was right for him to make some family visits. The leading merchant, the clergyman, and others were called upon in considerable dread of the reception; but the welcomes were cordial, and Isaac Sharp and his companions were warmly thanked for their visit, the merchant adding "I was glad that you were not able to get away because of the second meeting you held."

The travelling in Iceland was difficult and fatiguing. On account of the lack of roads it was mostly on horse-back, with pack horses for baggage. Sometimes two days would pass by without a house being seen. The sleeping places were of varied kinds, a barn, a church, a tent, when rest was welcome after it might be thirteen hours in the saddle without halting. Sometimes there was no means of drying wet clothes and the food was not always sufficient. Again there were morasses to pass over, rivers, too, to be forded and places not free from quick sands and sudden floods.

On his departure from Iceland there was handed to Isaac Sharp the following letter, which shows the appreciation of the Icelanders, many of whom also expressed themselves in private,

telling him after his meetings, "This is what we want." "We never heard the like before." "Oh that you could speak to the people in Iceland."

This is the letter: "You are, most honored gentleman, come hither a long way to preach the word of God. And on your journeys everywhere, where it has been possible, you have spoken the word of admonition and consolation to the brethren and tried to awaken and enliven the fear of God and the Christian life of faith; and all your conduct has shown that your undertaking has not been occasioned by ambition nor vanity, but from fervent love to mankind, and from the true Christian brother love and the living desire to lead others to the kingdom of God. Therefore we may trust with full security that the Lord, who gives the growth, will graciously bless your endeavors, and with His spirit fertilize that which you in this manner have sown and watered; that He will perfect the good work, which you, with His help, have begun, that it may become to the praise of His Holy Name and for the salvation of men. Your undertaking is so beautiful, and the aim so Christian that we, who write our names under this letter consider it our duty to give you our thankfulness and esteem, not only in our own name, but also in the name of our country-

men whom you have spoken to The Lord be with you in the name of Jesus Christ.

Reykjavik, 11th of September, 1861.

H. Jonasson, Governor.

H. G. Thordasson, Bishop.

O. Paalson, Dean and Priest.

J. Hjaltalin, Physician."

and fifty other leading citizens.

In 1862, 1863, and 1864, Isaac Sharp visited again and again in the far North, the Faroe Islands, Iceland once more and finally Greenland, all journeys of thrilling interest. The travelling was very hard both on land and sea, the accommodations precarious and the food strange, sometimes scanty. His health suffered, particularly from the dampness of the beds, and from being frequently wet and tired out in boats, or in climbing the roadless fells and valleys. His coming always met with welcome, and those who at first seemed cold and indifferent, usually expressed themselves as well pleased with his visits and his words. "I shall never forget your visit," said the Pastor of Viderve in the Faroe Islands, "and shall often remind my congregation of it. May God bless you wherever you go, and lift upon you the light of His countenance." "Throughout the entire journey," writes Isaac Sharp, "we have met with great openness,

and but little opposition, although the doctrine of a spiritual life and walk appears new to many. There is a deficiency of the Holy Scriptures in Faroe, especially as regards the Old Testament. The New Testament is to be found in most places, but sermon books and prayer books bear evidence of being much more read. A form of religion is strictly observed, but in too many instances, without a corresponding life and power. Education is much neglected except at Thors-haven. Strong drink has many votaries. In the course of this engagement, fifty-nine meetings have been held, the attendance at which has rather exceeded the whole population of Faroe, computed at eight thousand."

The account of the journey to Mygennes, westernmost of the Faroe Islands, deserves to be quoted entire;—"With a crew of ten, we left Sorvaag in an open boat, soon after 6 A. M. As appears usual when entering on a hazardous enterprise, the boatman sang a hymn while yet in the still waters of the bay. The morning was fine, but on nearing the Island it was found impracticable to land at the usual place, owing to the heavy breakers on the rocky shore. Our boatman therefore steered for the eastern end of the Island and entered a little cove under shelter of a few projecting rocks, from whence

our ascent began. After climbing up some forty or fifty feet, a sloping ledge of rock, barely wide enough for one at a time, brought us to the foot of an almost perpendicular ascent, where a chain, hanging loosely against the rock, but secured at top and bottom, presented the only means of ascent to the heights above.

“Two of the crew, accustomed as fowlers to climb, first ascended, carrying one end of a rope, and my turn having come, the other end by a secure knot well tested was fastened around my waist. In this manner the ascent of some fifty or sixty feet was made by climbing up the chain, aided by the men above who held the rope. The mountain slope on reaching the top was for a considerable distance steeper than the roof of an ordinary house. My valued companion and myself were mercifully preserved from fear during the ascent, and felt no giddiness, but the strain on the muscles was great and exhausting. For nearly an hour we continued to ascend the ridges of the fell, in some places rocky and steep, and veiled as the mists of the mountains came sweeping by.

“On nearing the hamlet we met men on their way to the rocky ledges to seek for sea birds and for eggs; a dangerous undertaking much resorted to in some of the islands of Faroe. The

object of our visit was explained to them. They told us it was too far for them to go back to the hamlet, their arrangements for the fowling having been made, but they were willing to go with us for a little space to the sheltering brow of a hill. This opportunity was embraced to tell them that although in their employment they were accustomed to dangers which at any moment might end their earthly course, there is a death more terrible far than the death of the body, and that it is a bounden duty to seek a preparation for the life to come. The men were respectful and listened attentively; soon we parted company and journeyed on. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, we reached the hamlet, but the Virkevegr, the principal man of the place, told us plainly there had been some service in the kirk that morning ahead, and he did not care for any more. If the people wished to attend our meeting they might, though not at his house, but we were welcome to come in and rest. We entered and soon found the wife more favorably disposed towards us. By degrees the husband softened, and not only prepared a room for the meeting, but gave notice to his neighbors, and between twelve and one o'clock nearly fifty persons assembled, among whom my companion had an open time, and subsequently interpreted

for me. It was a good meeting, and the Virkevegr afterwards warmly and very cordially acknowledged the visit.

“Some sea birds were boiled for our dinner, what with potatoes, rye bread and butter, a cup of coffee, and a few biscuits, furnished a refreshing meal. The waves were still too high to allow of our departure by the usual landing, so taking leave of the Virkevegr and his family, we set off on foot over the mountains, conscious in passing along of the peril which awaited us on reaching the chain. The descent, though not easy, was accomplished in safety. We were soon once more in the boat, and after a tossing on the tidal waves, which rose and fell with a majestic sweep, reached Sorvaag about 8 P. M., with a peaceful sense on our spirits of the providential care mercifully extended to us in the time of need. Truly the promise was again fulfilled, ‘as thy days so shall thy strength be.’”

The second visit to Iceland was also much appreciated. Of this he wrote: “From place to place the attention of the people was lovingly called to the testimony of Holy Scripture without, and to the teaching of the Holy Spirit within, that notwithstanding an outward profession, however fair, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His; true religion

being an inward work—I believe that, both in public and private, words were put into my mind with power to utter them; and that, on a peaceful retrospect, the Lord hath had the praise.”

The pastors were most kind and hospitable to the Friends, and took great pains to gather the people together. The meetings were usually held in the kirk, and sometimes, before the congregation dispersed, the pastor would thankfully acknowledge the visit.

At Reykjavik Isaac Sharp asked for a meeting with the office-bearers and teachers of the college. “The invitation,” he says, “included some of the most learned men in Iceland, possessing endowments which made me feel very little amongst them.” He addressed them under a feeling of deep religious exercise, on the responsibility resting on those on whom devolved the important duties connected with the training of the young, on our accountability to the Almighty for the influence we individually possess, and for its right employment as respects its bearing on the present life and on the life to come.

During these journeys, Greenland was often in Isaac Sharp’s mind “with,” as he said, “an abiding sense of religious duty, and a strong attraction in Gospel love towards those who

have their dwelling on its ice-bound shores, especially in and around the Moravian Mission stations." Much discouragement was felt and the trials to be met loomed large in anticipation, but when the time to enter on the engagement appeared to have fully come, the gracious words of encouragement arose in his heart with freshness and strength, "Behold I have set before thee an open door."

The voyage to Herrnhut lasted forty-two days, and although land was in sight for three or four days, they were obliged, on account of contrary winds, to beat back and forth before the harbor entrance, only six hours from the haven. The Moravians welcomed the Friends warmly, and they felt that their arrival at that time was particularly opportune, as the little community was about to bury, in much sorrow, one of its valued friends and counsellors.

One after another the different mission stations were visited and encouraged, and it seemed as if the way was indeed wonderfully opened for Isaac Sharp to proceed to even more remote settlements. Sometimes winds and storms seemed to conspire to delay or prevent some anticipated journey, but his faith never wavered, and his satisfaction and peace of mind

were complete only when the service was fully rendered.

A visit to Labrador in the succeeding year again took Isaac Sharp among the Moravians, who most gratefully welcomed his visit and he was often told how no one had ever before come to strengthen the hands of the missionaries as he had done. He was able through interpreters, of course, to speak to the native Esquimaux, and they too expressed themselves as "very thankful for his visit."

Another twelve years passed by before the great journey of Isaac Sharp's life was undertaken. More and more clearly he heard the call to it, and even when laid aside for months by serious illness contracted in one of his Norwegian trips, his faith was strong that there was more work for him to do in foreign lands. "My Lord," he said to one who sat by his bedside during this illness, "has shown me whilst I have been laid on this bed of sickness, that He has yet much work for me to do, and that I shall be raised up to do it. He has shown me clearly a prospect of service at Cape Colony, including visits to the mission stations in the far interior. Thence to our Friends' Missions in Madagascar. After this, extensive service awaits me in each of our Australian Colonies and New Zealand.

I have further seen that the mighty Pacific Ocean must be crossed, and that I am to enter the United States of America by the Golden Gate of San Francisco. The work before me there includes not only the meetings of Friends, but also the various missions among native Indians, the Negro population, and the far-off missions in Mexico."

All this was accomplished—the vision fulfilled, and not only once, but three times did Isaac Sharp enter the United States by the Golden Gate, twice circumnavigating the world after his seventy-first birthday.

Many people at seventy-one years of age consider themselves as aging if not already old. Isaac Sharp was starting on a seven years' journey to strange lands and peoples with prospect of arduous service in preaching and visiting, of perils by land and by sea, even of illness, and possibly death, in a strange land far from home and kindred. Accompanied by Theodore Harris and Langley Kitching, he started in 1877 for South Africa. At Cape Town and the surrounding towns, many visits were paid and meetings held, with patients in the hospitals, convicts in the penitentiary, the leper settlement at Robber Island, as well as in the different churches whose ministers received them cordially. Then a long

journey into the interior was undertaken. This was of some hazard in several ways. The mode of travel was by mule or ox-cart, camping out at night, subject to the sudden African dust or wind storms, to terrific thunder gusts, to the peril of crossing a wide waterless desert, and to vital danger in a country on the verge of war, whence many persons were even then fleeing. An account from Isaac Sharp's pen of one night's experience shows the difficulty of the journey:—
“In South Africa, day at sundown rapidly yields to the darkness, especially with a cloudy sky overhead. Farm-houses are few and usually far between. The weather was threatening. My tent was promptly set up. Langley Kitching preferred to use the wagon rather than erect tent number 2, in the dimness which already enshrouded us. With the fuel collected in the gloaming, a fire was made and the kettle boiled with all speed. By this time we could scarcely see the slices of ham in the frying pan. Alas! In the hurry of the moment, one portion was hopelessly surrendered to the dust. A board served for a table. We were just ready to sit down when a few premonitory drops of rain fell in our midst. The moon was obscured. Awhile after this a thunder storm, long anticipated, began its course and continued through the night.

From time to time the little tent was lit up with flashes, being momentarily filled with light. The pealing thunder right overhead, crack after crack, was solemn in its effect, for I was sensible of a manifest inward vibration, as the words came forcibly before me, 'The earth trembled and shook,' and with them also the quieting assurance, 'The Lord reigneth.' Down came the rain in sheets, and the bed of the rivulet near, from whence the evening before Langley Kitching procured dry wood for fuel, now resounded with the rush of water in its course. That the tent poles bore the strain, was cause for thankfulness.

"In the morning we rose soon after 6 o'clock, and breakfasted early. The storm had passed away; but in our minds was left a deep impress of its reality. In the tent, Langley Kitching and I read together the 16th. of John, and then our heart-felt thanks rose up to our Father for all His mercy and His watchful care through the past night and in our journeying. A little before nine o'clock we set off. The chariot wheels dragged heavily along, now and then six inches deep in the mud. Our progress was very slow, under two miles an hour at times; so about half-past three o'clock we drew up at a roadside hostelry, Zuurpoort by name, over 5000 ft. above the

sea level. The land-lord gave us some hints as to our mules and mode of travel, and warned us very decidedly of our need of two or three more."

Although the country was becoming more and more unsettled as the Zulu War came on, Isaac Sharp decided on going from the far away mission station at Kurnman to others still farther inland—Matito, Kauye, Meleopole, Shoshong, and then to Kimberly. The journey was hard, but at every mission station kindness and welcome were ready, and the Friends' great effort in coming so far was much appreciated. To be among a heathen population was a new experience to Isaac Sharp.

When at Morija and in the largest place of worship in Basutoland, the Friends encountered a terrific thunder storm. Dr. Casalis was standing by Isaac Sharp's side and acting as interpreter, but as in a short time their voices could not be heard, he said, "we had better cease for a little while." The storm overhead became terrific, flash and crash following each other with great rapidity.

Langley Kitching writes: "Very curiously it occurred to me that Isaac Sharp's bald head offered an attraction to the lightning. I have never thought of anyone else, and I thought how sad it would be if he were struck down and killed in

this manner. I breathed a short prayer that it might not be so. Isaac Sharp was then saying, 'suffer the little children to come unto me, etc.,' when the noise of the storm became so deafening that nothing but the thunder and rain could be heard; and the preacher and the interpreter sat down together. Just at that moment a terrific crash burst over the building, and I was struck to the ground. I felt as though a kind of elastic heavy weight had fallen upon my head. The lightning also passed through my loins, down my legs and out at my feet, throwing them up."

Langley Kitching was not the only sufferer; near him sat the wife of the senior missionary, and at her left was the vestry wall, at the window of which the electric fluid struck, splintering it and drawing out the nails. The fire flashed over her, and severely scorched her. The wife of Dr. Casalis was quite paralyzed. From her the lightning went to the lovely sleeping child at her side, who gave one little gasp and ceased to breathe. "The Light of the little earthen lamp went out," writes Isaac Sharp, "to shine, ever the brighter, in eternal day." About seven hundred persons were in the chapel and whilst the missionaries were in the vestry, attending to those who had been injured, several Basutos offered heartfelt prayer that the warning voice

might speak to all. Express messengers were sent on horseback, travelling on through the night, to the nearer Mission Stations, in the sure knowledge that the claims of brotherly sympathy would be met. Langley Kitching was at the breakfast table on the following morning, though his head still needed rest. At 3 P. M. the little coffin was followed to the grave. The Mission stations of Leribe and Berea were represented at the funeral, the result of hard travelling. Isaac Sharp had been much interested in attending a meeting of the Morija Bible Class. After he had addressed them and engaged in prayer one of the elders said: "The power of God has been manifested. Before conversion we were thieves. Before the missionaries came we had no eyes to see anything. From the first missionaries I stole three sheep. Now thanks be to the Lord, I who was once a thief, am a child of God!"

Finally in May, 1879, after nearly two years of this arduous African life, the Friends sailed from Durban to Madagascar. Here the visits were especially to the mission stations of the English Friends, and were of much benefit and enjoyment to them. At the close of his visit to the district more especially under the care of the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, Isaac Sharp wrote: "As at home for more than two

centuries, Friends in a quiet way and by the force of Christian principle have been in some degree the honored instruments for moulding the public mind in things civil and religious, so I thankfully believe a place and power have been, and are exercised in this land for good by our own people." This deeply interesting visit intensifies the conviction of years, that the value and blessing pertaining to the mission work of Friends in this and other lands, nor the Mission work alone, will be very much in proportion to the faithfulness with which the Christian doctrine and practice of the Society of Friends is maintained.

It is interesting to learn that at this time the subject of slavery was a burning one in Madagascar. Isaac Sharp, during his stay there, wrote a letter to the Queen urging her to have courage to take steps for the abolition of this evil. Within a few years it *was* done away. A story he liked to tell was of a poor woman in Madagascar who having "left the paths of heathendom proper, thought she was getting on pretty well in her Christianity, for, in her former condition, she used to steal chickens, but now she only stole eggs."

From Madagascar to Bourbon, thence to Mauritius, then to Australia this "aged pilgrim,"

as he called himself, travelled alone, for Langley Kitching had been obliged, on account of his health, to return home from Madagascar. In Eighth Month, 1880, Isaac Sharp landed at Sydney, N. S. W., and was met by J. J. Neave who became his companion during the long two years he spent in Australia.

The Friends paid a large number of visits to scattered families and individuals, and also went to some of the Moravian mission stations. They were able to attend the annual meetings both at Melbourne and at Hobarttown, Tasmania, the latter being described as "a time of comfort and refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

While the population and progress of the country had considerably changed in the forty years since James Backhouse's visit, the journeys were by no means easy and for a man of nearly seventy-six the constant travel, meeting new people (albeit strangers quickly became friends) and the continuous strain of speaking in public must have been very fatiguing. Almost anyone else would have been completely worn out. Much cordiality was manifested by the ministers of various denominations. Presbyterians, Wesleyan, Baptist, Church of England, gladly lent their church buildings for meetings, and sometimes allowed Isaac Sharp to ad-

dress their regular congregations at service time.

"Will you have any singing?" was sometimes asked. Isaac Sharp always replied in the negative and much satisfaction with a hymnless meeting was often expressed.

On the way from Melbourne to New Zealand, he had a severe fall and throughout his visit to New Zealand, his health was affected and he was sometimes really ill. Nevertheless, he seldom failed to take part in the services which had been planned.

Stewart Island, the most southerly of the New Zealand groups, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, was much on Isaac Sharp's mind and a satisfactory visit was made there, the people saying they thought the Friends had been sent in answer to prayer.

In 1897, J. J. Neave wrote, "I feel it to be one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known dear Isaac Sharp, and to have been yoked with him in religious service for the best part of two years in the Australian Colonies. His uniform brightness and cheerfulness, sometimes under trying circumstances, were very helpful and instructive and told more plainly than words the source of his strength. The ability to mingle with almost all kinds of people in a helpful,

pleasant manner, that commended the Gospel of Christ, was a gift that he often used, and by which many were attracted. I have been with him when his physical and mental powers have been sorely taxed, but I never saw his spirit perceptibly affected thereby. He was emphatically a son of consolation. His private and public spirit seemed full of it. As one anointed ever with fresh oil he poured forth of his unfailing treasure to the help of many weary and faint ones, as his Master bade and helped him."

At last, in 1882, after a voyage of 6000 miles alone, for J. J. Neave did not accompany him across the Pacific, Isaac Sharp's mission was realized, and he entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco from the Pacific. In company with Joel Bean he visited many meetings, Yearly Meetings, and innumerable families throughout the length and breadth of the United States. One Christmas season was spent at Southerland College, Arkansas, the Negroes much interesting Isaac Sharp.

Finally Mexico was visited, and with Samuel Purdie of Matamora, some difficult journeys were made there, over rough and muddy roads, and sometimes in danger of prowling banditti.

The journey was ended, and Third Month, 1884, saw Isaac Sharp safely home again in Eng-

land. "Behold I have set before thee an open door," had been the watchword given him in the beginning, and most wonderfully had he been enabled to perceive and to enter upon each opportunity thus vouchsafed, sometimes walking entirely by faith, where human insight failed.

A busy life at home, full of correspondence, lectures, and religious visiting all over the British Isles, now filled his time until the deeply lamented death of his sister. Isaac Sharp had lived in the home of his sister, Priscilla Dunning; after that, his home was at Ettington, near to some close friends. Already in 1886 another vision seemed to come to him, and he wrote of a sense being given him that *the end is not yet*, and of Syria, India, Japan and America as on his mind and heart. In spite of his four score years he did not feel that the time for distant service had come, and so the busy, full years passed by, broken now and again by the loss of friend, sister or young relative, but cared for and cheered by loving companions and solaced with continuous work for the Master. Attacks of illness sometimes seemed to bring him very near death's door, but often, in spite of weeks spent in bed, his recovery was rapid and he was off again on a visit to some English or Scottish meeting.

In 1890, he asked for and Darlington Monthly Meeting granted, a certificate for religious service in France, Syria, Constantinople, India, Japan, and America. This certificate had to be endorsed by the Yearly Meeting. Isaac Sharp wrote from London, "My concern (for foreign service) took hold of the meeting, and there was a large expression of loving unity, not, however, without three dissentient voices chiefly on the ground of *anno domini*. I am favored to feel remarkably well after the physical refreshment of a tramp on the Sussex Downs with my brother, where we did our twelve miles, in addition to six hours in the open air."

All ready to start, a severe illness confined him to a London hotel for a month, but his faith did not falter. As he expressed it, a beacon light burned brightly on the coast of France, beckoning him on. Hardly had he reached Paris, when another even more serious attack of illness and a bad fall on the slippery floor again brought him low, and after nearly three months of severe illness, he decided to return to England. The Parisian doctors had told him it was impossible for him to proceed on his contemplated journey, and although he firmly expected to be restored again to health, and to go forward in answer to the Divine call, he felt it right to let the Yearly

Meeting (of 1891) again consider his position. In person he pleaded his cause with the Meeting, beginning with the words, "Tremulous and feeble I stand before you," and continuing in a vigour and eloquence of style which even he had never surpassed. "There was no feebleness of voice excepting now and then, when, checked by rising emotion, he brought out the salient points of his well-connected, well-woven fabric of narrative and argument with an earnestness and emphasis that little betokened the weight of years of the speaker. He alluded to the discouragements heaped upon him, but through all his faith had not wavered. He was loyally ready to hand back the certificate he held in his pocket if the meeting chose to withdraw it, but voluntarily he could not surrender." One Friend after another rose and said it was his judgment that the meeting dare not take upon itself the responsibility of holding him back, and finally an admirable minute was drawn up by Jonathan Backhouse Hodgkin, and the certificate of 1890 was endorsed with a copy of this minute, which suitably alluded to the objections raised, and very properly embodied the exercise of the meeting.

So once more the start was made and the long journey to Constantinople undertaken, in com-

pany with Dr. Henry Appleton. Syria had to be given up on account of the cholera quarantine, so in December, 1891, after some weeks spent in visiting in Turkey, he set sail for Alexandria, *en route* for India, Dr. Dixon taking Dr. Appleton's place.

Again many people and churches united in welcoming a venerable traveller, and helpful friend, and in Bombay, Calcutta, Hoshangabad, Sohagpur and many other places, his visit was a help and encouragement to Friends and to others. China now began to fill his thoughts and he wrote in his diary, "China is much on my heart this morning, and it feels as if I should go there, probably through a strift, but go nevertheless."

Early in 1892, Isaac Sharp and Dr. Dixon reached Japan where most of the time was spent in Tokio and Yokahama. The time seemed all too short for all they wanted to do, and the weather was so very cold that it made it all the more difficult for them to get about.

More than five years later a member of the Friends' Mission in Tokio bore testimony to the extreme value of Isaac Sharp's visit to Japan; "The school girls all loved him and have grieved over his death. He came to the mission buildings one morning after a fearful fire when four

or five hundred houses had been burned, and the mission premises only just saved. His looks of sympathy as he walked around amongst the refugees, though he could not speak their language, had caused him to be remembered ever since."

Five thousand miles more of ocean lay before him and then, parting from Dr. Dixon, he reached the California home of his daughter, Elizabeth Shelley; China being still on his mind, but the way not yet open for his visit there.

Until now his health, doctors in England and Paris to the contrary notwithstanding, had on the whole been good; the watchful care of his medical companion and his own cheerful faith and strong will carrying him through many little fluctuations and short attacks of illness. Now, however, a long and serious illness brought him literally to death's door, and for weeks all the care and skill of excellent doctors, nurses and a devoted daughter were needed. Still, as he said, "a clear light shone in the direction of China," and when once he turned the corner, his strength came back with wonderful speed. Having been taken ill in May, in September Isaac Sharp set sail once more for Japan, this time alone, on the way to China. In October he reached Shanghai, and then began a remarkable journey of 1100

miles up the great Yang-tse River to Chungking, where the English Friends' Mission is situated. Isaac Mason, a new missionary for this station, just out from England, joined him, and they journeyed by boat of more or less indifferent comfort, at times in some danger in ascending against current and rapids. Of the latter he wrote; "There is some excitement in passing the rapids, for if the rope breaks the vessels drift away and may easily go on the rocks. Moreover the trackers, or men on the shore who haul the vessels along, have to respond promptly to the beat of the signal drum, and the waving of the pilot's arms, and the shouting of his voice. A rope may get entangled on a projecting rock out of sight of the trackers, and the drum will warn them to stop till the rope is again set free. The ship's sail is hoisted when there is wind for it. So there is the wind, the trackers, and the rowers on board to aid our progress, and yet with the strong current and the tortuous course of the Yang-tse-kiang, two miles an hour is considered fair progress." And again, "This wonderful voyage, the like of which I never witnessed. A *month of mountains*, striking in their variety and imposingly grand, I never tire of gazing at their endless variety. Villages here and there are grotesque in their general aspect and sur-

roundings, and scattered dwellings, intense in their isolation."

The last four hundred miles of the journey lasted a month, but New Year's day was spent at Chungking, the haven where they would be. And this at eighty-six years!

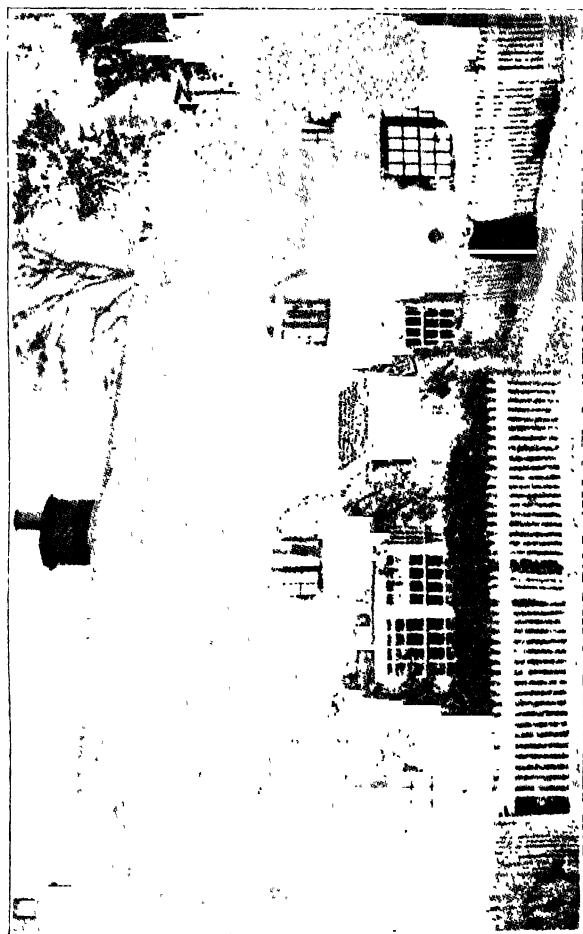
The missionaries of all the four missions received Isaac Sharp with wonderful openness, and gave him *carte blanche* for religious service in their congregations. It was a joy to him that at one meeting, with only three exceptions, the whole missionary staff of the city was present, Church, Methodist Episcopal, China Inland Mission, London Missionary Society, and Friends. One wrote of his visit: "The thought of his love in coming all this way at his age seemed to be the means of strengthening all the missionaries with whom he came in contact." The natives were charmed with him and in their great veneration for length of life were delighted to see a really old man from England.

The perilous journey down the Yang-tse-kiang having been made, he found it difficult in a brief way to fill all the engagements made for him at Shanghai and again, for the fourth time, he crossed the Pacific arriving in California in March, 1893.

Throughout the summer and fall a round of

visits was made to the Yearly Meetings in this country and in Canada; a flying visit to Mexico was paid and in the spring of 1894 he reached home once more, his contemplated service completed with the exception of Syria and the South of France.

The autumn of the same year found him among the Friends at Congenies, in France, a visit to Norway having intervened! He was over eighty-eight! The autumn of 1895 found him on the way to Syria, where the chief places of interest were Brumana, Ras el Metn, Jajja and Jerusalem. It seemed that his arrival on Mt. Lebanon was especially opportune, for there was much trouble among the missionaries on account of the illness and death of two of their number. His presence and words were of the greatest help and comfort and were long remembered. His age and health considered, the amount of work which he accomplished in his Syrian visit was wonderful. He not only attended meetings for worship, but went to gatherings of different kinds, including schools and mothers' meetings. At one of the former he suggested giving the children a treat; tea, sweets and cakes, a sure way of causing his words to be remembered. When the simple feast was finished, he spoke to them for nearly two hours, telling them about his trav-



ISAAC SHRIVER'S HOTEL AT ETTINGTON

els, their attention being riveted all the time, and when he had ended, they begged him to come again. He finally left Jerusalem Twelfth Month, 14th, 1895, and reached London a little tired, but in as good health as when he started except for a slight cold. Several times he said how devoutly thankful and full of praise he was to his Heavenly Father, who had fulfilled His promise and enabled him to complete the service to which he had been called. He said that he felt very deeply how imperfectly the service had been done, but God was a kind and tender Master, and did not expect more from His servants than they could do and give. Is it not so that

“They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true?”

So he came back to dwell again in his peaceful and rustic home, surrounded by kind relatives and friends, and to be taken to his heavenly home from Ettington, rather than from among strangers in a foreign land.

Upon one occasion he wrote out on request a list of the countries he had visited, and was somewhat amused to find how comprehensive it was. The Scilly Islands; Shetland; Orkney; Faroe; Norway, eight times; Sweden; Denmark; Iceland, twice; Greenland; Labrador; France;

Germany; Basuto Land; the Orange Free State; the Transvaal and other parts of Africa; Madagascar; Mauritius; Australia; Tasmania; New Zealand; Mexico; Canada; the Indian Territory and half the other States of the Union; Austria; Bulgaria; Turkey; India; Japan; China and Syria.

For one more year his peacefully active, busy life went on, and then after some long weeks of illness the end came. He died on Second Month, 21st, 1897, at his own home, surrounded by loving friends, secure in faith and triumphant in his prize of the High calling of God in Christ Jesus.

He was within five months of ninety-one years.

“Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought

The better fight * * * for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God.”

JOSEPH S. ELKINTON

1830-1905

*He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;
and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to
do justly and to love kindness, and to walk
humbly with thy God?*

MICAH VI, 8.

*And they shall be mine, saith Jehovah of hosts,
even mine own possession in the day that I
make; and I will spare them, as a man spareth
his own son that serveth him.*

MALACHI III, 17.

JOSEPH S. ELKINTON

Joseph S. Elkinton was a man of great warmth of heart. He was a devoted humanitarian always ready to visit the fatherless and comfort the widows and ceaselessly responsive to those myriad calls that draw upon the hidden reservoirs of affection and human sympathy. Many who read these lines can recall his striking figure in the gallery of a Friends' Meeting and hear again those telling words reverberating through the chambers of memory.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Not only was this high calling voiced for others, but it was set as a measure for himself, a seeker of a genuine religion of rich human understanding.

Born on the 27th. day of Fourth Month, 1830, at Tunesassa, New York State, adjacent to the Indian Reservation, he was confronted at once with the rigors of frontier life. Little is known of these early years. In 1839 we find him at

Westtown with reports that were not conducive to his father's peace of mind. On the 2nd. of the Eighth Month, 1839 his father wrote: "My dear son, Jos. S. Elkinton. We received thy letter dated Seventh Month, 26th. this afternoon and it is pleasant to hear of thy welfare; it is a great blessing to be favoured with good health for which we should be thankful to our Heavenly Father, who is kind in caring for us and preserving us in many ways. * * * * May my beloved son be in the constant practice of examining himself every night before he closes his eyes for sleep, to see how it has been with him through the day, and if he should find that he has done something wrong, pray to thy Heavenly Father to forgive thee and then be very careful and strive to do wrong no more * * * * such little children the Good Man loves, and as they look up to Him and endeavour to please Him in all their words and actions, He will give them the reward of sweet peace in their bosoms, and they need fear no evil while they are so engaged, because their Heavenly Father will take care and preserve them from evil."

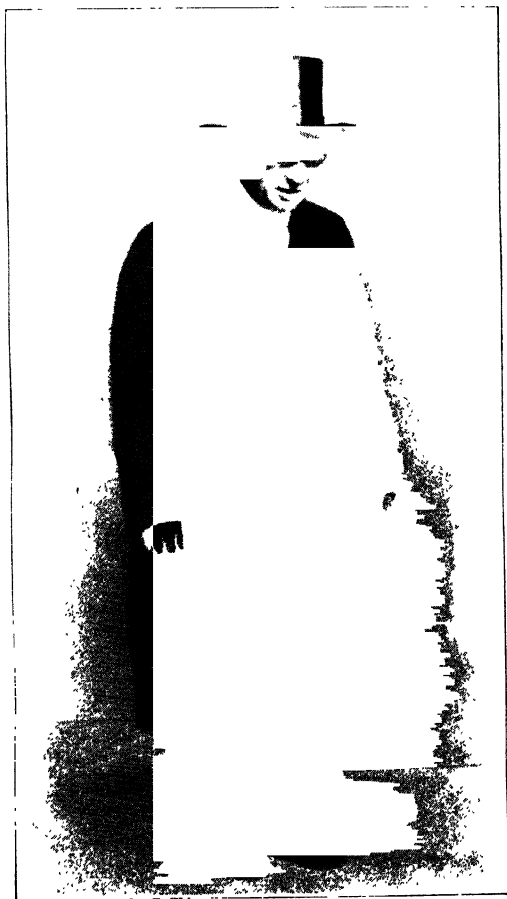
The letter then turns from spiritual counsel to tin cups, pencils and swimming corks with some sound advice on swimming. "I was pleased to hear thee jumped from the platform, only be

careful and do not get drowned; if the weather becomes warmer perhaps I shall send thee the corks another stage day. I do not know that corks are useful in learning to swim; I learned without them, but I have no objection to thy having them. Affectionately farewell, Jos. Elkinton."

In 1840, the boy was still at Westtown and on the 17th. day of the Sixth month, he aspired to pen a letter to his parents in Philadelphia. It is recorded as exactly as possible with printing: "Weston B.S. 6th Mo 17th 1840. My dear parents, "I am pretty well cousin Murray (Elkinton) and Aunt Sarah also several of the committee were here Last second day week and some were here Last first and second days One of the teachers Left the school last seventh day his name was Yardley Warnen (Warner) he inteds to visit Niagra Falls there was a new scholar came here yesterday his name is George Wilson. At the commencement of the sesfon I began at the beginning of Algebra I am now in simple equations at the commencement of this sesfon I began Geography at the beginning of Asia. I say Geography every other morning not counting 1st or fifth day mornings. I say scripture questions Lesfons on fifth day mornings. I say grammar Lesfons every morning. I do not say

Geography except first and fifth. I would like it if you would write to me rather oftener for I have received but one letter since the commencement of the sesfon. We had cherries three times since commencement of the sesfon the boys have been in swimming several times the sesfon and Master Davis intends to take us in tonight. I would Like you to send out my corks Cousin Murray says he learnt to swim with them and I want to see If I cant learn with them I want A Clothes brush to brush my Clothes. I believe I have nothing more to say at Present. from your affectionate Son Joseph S. Elkinton."

History repeats itself in strange ways. A rotation of the seasons still ripens the cherries in Chester County. Lessons still are learned and the majesty of Niagara still attracts visitors. Corks or no corks, this youth nine years old developed into a powerful swimmer, passing his skill on to his son, who in turn instructed his children, so that a grandchild when at West-town seventy years later relished the early summer swimming days for much the same reasons as had his grandfather. This letter and others met response (although tardy according to J. S. E.) from his father who was most anxious over the welfare of his son. In 1841, Eighth month, 29th. he wrote to his boy spending two



JOSEPH S. ELKINTON.

pages in counsel from which I quote: "Oh, how He loves to see little children dedicate themselves to His service, how He will beautify and adorn them in the sight of others. He will soon make it manifest to the view of beholders upon whose side they have enlisted themselves. And I never heard of a single instance of an individual regretting that he had begun early to serve the Lord."

The letter continues in pointing out the difference between the spirit of the "Wicked One" and the spirit that is given by a Heavenly Father. The ending of this communication appears to be aimed rather high for a youth of eleven years: "There is one matter I wish to call thy attention to in thy writing, which is to endeavor to avoid tautology. If that is done and thou continues to improve in writing and diction, I think there is prospect of thy letters becoming particularly interesting. Thy father affectionately Jos. Elkinton." Then a delightful postscript. "If Cousin Mary has no wafers (scaling wax) thou may as well get some out of the Library."

"I believe I am not quite done although I have written considerable. I recollect reading in the life of William Penn (who was a very great man) that when at college he cultivated the acquaintance of such of his fellow students as were

distinguished for their talents or their worth, which I feel very desirous may be the case with my son, Joseph, and to be an agreeable companion to children of that class, it will be necessary for thee to pursue thy studies with diligence and also evince to thy fellow students that thou art disposed to endeavour to be worthy. Farewell for the present, thy loving father Joseph Elkinton."

Whether it was a dearth of sealing wafers or an excess of evil companions, or too much time spent swimming in Chester Creek, that led the lad astray, is not known. Whatever the cause, his father became increasingly unhappy about his conduct at the boarding school and he was removed in the Fall of 1841.

At fourteen years of age, this same lad felt so determined to demonstrate to his parents and to his fellow students that he was capable of better behavior, that he persuaded his father to permit him to return to Westtown where he conducted himself in such a way as to erase completely the impressions of misdemeanors. This single incident illustrates the early development of a powerful determination that was characteristic of Joseph S. Elkinton, until the very day of his death. Fortunately he was constrained

early in life to put his vigorous talents at the service of his Lord.

In 1845, Joseph Elkinton (the father), with William Evans went on a religious visit to the Iroquois Indians in Canada, whither some of the red men had removed. The tedium of travel and results of the expedition need not concern us here. A letter from his wife dated, First month 7th. 1845, gives us an interesting insight into the engagements of this household at home, in Philadelphia. "My dear Joseph: * * * * * Asa has given thee a pretty full account of the arrival of the Baltimore, she sailed yesterday with Treadway for Captain. There was a great mistake made in the letter that came from thee. It stated there was nothing for thee, but it appears there is 240 dollars that Edward Knight is to hand over to thee. We put on board her 400 boxes of beautiful soap such as we have not had for some time. * * * * * Joseph is wanted very much in the factory and helps a great deal. * * * " (A little further on in the same letter his son Asa adds:) "Joseph has quit school entirely as he is wanted in the factory * * * George and Charles (Elkinton cousins) were down here and we had fine fun. Before they came mother let us go down to the Baltimore and we went all over her and I ran half way up the rope ladder.

There was another riot last 7th. day. The riot was in Queen Street. One man was shot. The riot was at the Weccacoe engine house. There was also one last Fourth day evening at the corner of 2nd. and Margaretta Streets. They tore up the pavement opposite to Uncle George's Store to supply the brick bats. Affectionately Asa."

This bit of riotous history throws into strong contrast the highly organized police force of to-day; to have your pavement torn up to supply missiles seems unlikely if not impossible with twentieth century concrete in such universal use. But life in Philadelphia during the forties was of a different order. The port was filled with shipping, one ship, the Baltimore, slipped into our chronicle. With it one realizes how the romance of the sea got into the blood of youth. A climb up the rigging on a rope ladder afforded a thrill that was recorded in a letter to an absent father and it is evident that the trip "all over" the good ship, Baltimore, not only revealed the carrier of the "beautiful soap" but also filled the eye with the sight of rigging, the nose with the breath of salt air, and the ear with the sound of the sea even for these boys, the sons of a soap-maker in Philadelphia, in the year 1845.

Neither the business nor the welfare of his

children was distant from the thought of the father who always signed himself "Affectionately" whether writing to wife or offspring. To Quakers of this period the toil of business was as much a religious concern of life as travel for the church. A long and interesting letter describing Toronto in 1845, then a town of 15,000 inhabitants, commences: "Dear Children: Your absent father is now many miles from you as you will find from this letter to mother and I hope you will endeavor to comfort her as much as lies in your power until father shall return home. I feel anxious for your welfare and it will greatly promote it by your daily cherishing a concern to do those things that your Heavenly Father would have you to do; remember that He sees you at all times. He knows your most secret thoughts, therefore strive with all your might to seek after purity of thought as well as action and your Heavenly Father will bless and preserve you if the fault shall not be your own. * * * * I do not know that I have much more to say to you at present, other than love your mother, love one another and endeavour to be good children and do the very best you can. From Joseph Elkinton." (A postscript describes falling snow and a thermometer about 11-12° F. above zero.)

Under this strong parental affection Joseph S. Elkinton matured. He increased his responsibility in the factory. To restore vigor that had been taxed by much hard work, Joseph S. and a cousin went to Cape May in order to get a breath of ocean air. One can gather the interest had in the factory news as his sister Sarah penned a letter on First day, two o'clock in the afternoon in Eighth month, 1847. One can appreciate the heat of the city, and the cool of the shore: "Things have gone on pretty much in their usual routine since you left. The boiler has not yet blown up which may be a comfort to Josey. * * * * * I believe I have told you all that is upon my mind to say at present and will bid you Adieu." A letter that followed upon the heels of this one sounds strangely queer in these days of reducing exercises. "You will therefore stand a better chance in the eating line and we want you both to come home much enlarged in dimensions, and pull down 150 on the scales." She then adds, "if nine dollars a week won't make you fat I know not what will."

The next summer Joseph went to Boston by sea and in the following summer he spent a few weeks at White Marsh to recuperate in body and mind after the fatigue of very continuous work in the factory. His brother Thomas, who was

also employed at this time by his father, wrote on Seventh Mo. 12th. 1849.—“I understand we have got a cover fixed over one of the soap pans and I am glad it answers the purpose, for I think we ought to do all in our power to obviate the smell, but still I am strongly in favor of John Lancaster’s plan of giving the ‘old one Jesse.’ ”

In 1851, Joseph Elkinton undertook another religious journey by horse and buggy from Philadelphia to Iowa, and this absence left the burden of the business squarely on the shoulders of his son, Joseph S. A letter written by the latter on the 26th. of Sixth Month, 1851, reports upon affairs; “Robert Scottin, (an associate of Joseph Elkinton’s at Tunesassa and the man for whom he names his son, Joseph Scottin Elkinton) tends the store and seems to take quite an interest therein, takes his smoke, nap and walk all in regular order. Tommie seems quite an important personage, collecting and distributing bills, doing errands, etc.” Apparently the report was satisfactory as J. E. wrote a long letter home to this effect from Goshen, Logan County, Ohio, while at the house of Joshua Marmon: “Thy account of the business was very satisfactory and I may say to thee, *my son*, I have entire confidence in thy intention to do the very best

thou canst." A less ceremonious comment by sister Sallie throws light on conditions at 377 So. Second Street; "I was much amused with the greeting Paddy gave me on my return from Chester. He said he thought Tommy and myself treated Josey very 'undaycent' to go away and leave him at home, but I told him, he (J. S. E.) was Boss and must see to the business."

"Josey" became increasingly involved in the business as the partnership with his father bears witness. With the increase of his brother Thomas's interest, both boys were taken into partnership and finally in 1861 their father withdrew leaving Joseph and Thomas Elkinton in a partnership which lasted for forty years, after which affairs were assumed by the Philadelphia Quartz Company. One cannot leave this period of Joseph S. Elkinton's life without bearing sober witness to the years of hard work he invested under the harassing condition of an infant industry, and the later interests of this man were firmly grounded in these years of hard physical work.

Joseph S. Elkinton married Malinda Patterson of Barnesville, Ohio, in 1856. Mary Patterson Elkinton was their first child, born (1857), before the young mother returned with her baby daughter in the summer of 1858 to her parents



MALINDA PATTERSON ELKINTON.

in Ohio. One must bear in mind that there was a marked contrast between the simple rural life on an Ohio farm, and the city life to which her husband and his family had been accustomed for years. One can follow the lines of her letter written to her husband as she records the trip over the mountains, as she recounts the reception by her home folks "after so long a separation," and tells the many bits of news about the members of her family. "We are all well. Father and Joseph mowing, Tilman plowing corn. Evening, half past 8, have just put Mary to bed and am going to take the pen." Finally an expression of genuine love still as fresh and sweet as when the ink was liquid on the letter, now yellow with age. "My dear one, I want to see thee, I must close, with love to all. Lovingly thy M. E. Please write soon and often."

Into the peaceful prospect of this young family the Civil War burst. Joseph S. Elkinton not only appreciated his wife's desire to be near her own kin at times of such strain, but the fields of Eastern Ohio seemed less of an objective to the Southern armies than Philadelphia. Some of the excitement is got from the pen of Malinda Elkinton; "Fifth day Ninth month, 4th. 1862. Mother and I * *, were told that there was great excitement in Cincinnati, that citizens

were warned to leave the town and heard again in the evening the rebels were shelling the town and reports here are that they are about to take Washington. It is indeed an *awful* time."

The feeling of uncertainty and distress during these years was by no means confined to Ohio. A letter written by Joseph S. Elkinton, on the 18th. day of Sixth Month, 1863, to his father in Tunesassa, N. Y., reminds us of the years of the Great War of such recent history and vivid memory. This letter stands out not only as a chronicle of the time, but also as a milestone in a troubled life. "Dear father: * * * * My heart has been with you, desiring the work may prosper in your hands and have thought that perhaps the visit might be at the very right time if perchance some of the young men might be preserved from being swallowed up with the excitement now prevailing. Our city has been in great commotion. Third day word came that the State was invaded and the Governor sent for a speedy rallying of the militia to Harrisburg, and many thousands here, by this time gone. The Mayor requested that places of business should be closed up and many stores were closed. The State House bell continued tolling. I felt more serious at this time than almost any other in reference to the war. I felt I wanted

to consult a little with some Friend about shutting, or rather it was a question how far an order from a Mayor to close his place of business would be binding on a Friend. However, I concluded to do nothing and next day the excitement was abated, but to-day there is much commotion, very many passing through the city, en route to Harrisburg. But little business is doing this morning. I received a letter from Isaac Vail informing me that they had a sad time at the school (Westtown). Nathan H. Edgerton had enlisted and left the evening before and the boys seemed unsettled, fears were entertained lest some of them would also abscond. I felt so disqualified for attending to business, concluded to go to meeting and did so and after meeting told Thomas (Evans) of the circumstance. Thomas had considerable to say in meeting commencing with, 'One thing do I desire, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the House of the Lord forever, that I may see the beauty of the Lord and inquire at His temple, etc.' "

When one realizes that these young men were struggling to see the beauty of the Lord at a time when the horrors of the battle-field conspired to obliterate His beauty, one can sense the tremendous feeling that this son poured into the letter to his absent father.

To have one's family in Ohio and the cares of business pressing, seemed too great a strain, so Joseph S. departed for Ohio in the Eighth Month of 1863 and his brother Thomas wrote to him on Ninth Month 8th, giving him some news and good advice: "As for the war, matters appear rather less favorable than ever. It seems pretty clear that the rebels have crossed into Maryland and occupied Frederick and though rumour is to-night that they are in Pennsylvania near Gettysburg and threatening of course the Northern Central and Pa. R. R. at Harrisburg, the last may be exaggerated." History tells us of actual events although the explanation in this letter of what might have happened, makes interesting reading even at this late date. The letter ends with a very personal reminder, "Drafting sets in Second day (9th Mo. 1863) I believe, E. G. Webb is the commissioner for our ward." Then a postscript outlines a course which this family actually took in their ominous return to Philadelphia, via "the lake and Elmira if it don't wear out the children and yourselves." To J. S. E. it meant persecution in civil or military prison that is always in the face of those who are prepared to suffer for a principle. To his wife it meant a possible separation leaving her with her little children in the city far from the home of her

childhood, and of her nearest of kin. The journey back to Philadelphia was packed with foreboding.

Peace was declared Fourth Month 12th., 1865. The end of the war brought relief to a sad and grieving nation, but it also eased the tension in many a Friend's family, even where the pinch of persecution was not severe. Joseph S. Elkinton, although called before the Provost Marshal, had concluded in his own mind to face the consequences of a determination to follow the Prince of Peace. Although he received a furlough from the War Department by special order No. 88, he records his conclusions without any uncertainty. "I was tapped on the shoulder by the Pastor of the Old Swedes Church, 'I heard you were ordered to go to war. I am concerned about you. What will you do?'" He replied, "I will not go without they take me, and then I cannot fight, for Christianity forbids it."

The next year brought a great calamity to his brother and sister and himself when his father passed away at the house which was loved so intensely at 377 S. Second Street, Philadelphia. Although the loss was heavy, an indelible imprint had been left upon the several characters of his children that not only lasted until his death, but outlasted a generation that is now

laid to rest in the arms of the loving Heavenly Father in Whom they learned to trust.

The next fifteen years were spent at the old home in much the same pursuits as already described. The four children gradually grew into their teens, Mary first, Joseph, the oldest son, William T. and Alfred C., born in 1863. By 1873 the affairs of the family were such that they moved from the family residence (783 new count, 377 old count), Second Street, to more commodious accommodations at 331 S. Fifth Street. Five years later there was an opportunity to purchase the home of William Evans at 325 Pine Street, where Joseph S. Elkinton established a residence known for unusual hospitality and social usefulness. At that time Pine Street between 3rd. and 4th. was sought after by "old families" who clung to the Street as leaves cling to the twig. Even to this day the fine spire of St. Peter's gives evidence of an attraction. The church yard with its generous allotment of tombstones guaranteed a vista that is embellished by the church and adorned by green trees. The transfer of his home to Pine Street introduced a new epoch in the life of Joseph S. Elkinton. From this period forward, a span of 30 years, he devoted his time almost exclusively to religio-humanitarian efforts.

Before following him in these wide and varied visits, we can review one indicative episode in his beloved Philadelphia. Picture the house of a workman, a plain brick dwelling of painful uniformity and after the usual interior design of Philadelphia of the seventies, with a narrow hall and a square, small room on the right. On the particular evening of our attention this small room and the living room, immediately to the rear, were crowded with folk, working people, friends and relatives of the deceased. Instead of grieving for the departed the company apparently was celebrating the unexpected demise of their comrade by a flow of spirits and much hilarity. Into this room Joseph S. Elkinton entered. A tall man, his height and bearing were enhanced by a high beaver hat and the severe cut of his Quaker coat. He was on his usual errand of visiting the widow in her affliction. Imagine his surprise to discover a "wake" in progress with drinking and carousing as the only evidence of grief. A hush fell over the room, whereupon it was laid on the mind, and put into the mouth of this Friend to reprove these people for their behavior, and to remind them of their Heavenly Father, especially in the very presence of death. The words came swift and hot, with the passion not only of a minis-

ter of the Gospel but also of an employer of men who knew the weaknesses and folly of human nature. It was a stinging rebuke to false comforters, and, delivered of his message he turned his steps home. But uneasy in taking the most direct route, he took a roundabout path, to learn the next day that a desperate man present in the widow's parlor, determined to take the life of this Quaker Preacher. A divine intuition spoke so unmistakably and Joseph S. Elkinton was so acutely sensitive to just such promptings, that he took an unusual route and escaped the assassin.

This incident crowds into a single experience the extraordinary characteristics of this man. Sympathetic with the sorrow of his fellows he continuously gave himself for their relief. Tirelessly his heart responded to calls for help. Nor did he lack that divine faculty of ministering to the souls of men. He knew human nature thoroughly as workman, employee, and employer. Rich in an ability to touch hearts, he also spoke the truth directly as he was a man who knew no fear. Finally one can record without doubt, that Joseph S. Elkinton was blessed above many with those subtle intuitions that come from above which, when minded, seem to lead one

through the hazards and dangers of an adventurous life.

In turning to the journeys of his later life, one is amazed at the distance covered by this prodigious traveler. Joseph S. and Malinda Elkinton, upon the advice of physicians, visited England, leaving Fourth Month, 12th., 1875, and returning in the Ninth month of the same year. In the spring of 1876, a journey to the Seneca Indians commenced, to be followed later by a series of spiritual adventures that took him again to the Indians in 1882. In 1887 he received a minute from his Monthly Meeting to visit the Mennonites in Bucks and Caln Quarters. The years 1890 and 1892 were spent in gospel labors amongst the Indians of New York State, the Whites (of New England) and the Colored people.

On the 27th. day of Eighth Month, 1893, a great storm arose in the Gulf of Mexico, that decimated the homes of those who lived on the Sea Islands of South Carolina. The quick relief that the Friends, William Evans and Joseph S. Elkinton endeavored to extend, reminds us strongly of the business of the American Friends Service Committee, that is organized to meet just such emergencies. The disaster merits a detailed description; quoting from a newspaper;

"The climate is perfect, very little labor produces good results. The Sea Islanders were happy, contented, a comfortably fixed set of people. So it was at the going down of the sun on 27th. day of August (1893). When the sun rose next morning, hundreds of these cabins had been swept from the earth with all they contained. Over thirty thousand of those people were homeless, foodless, without clothes and with no resources. Over eight hundred were dead (the figures from actual census). * * * The houses all built on posts two or four feet high crushed their inmates on the spot, others went off with men, women and children clinging to them until falling to pieces, they dropped their living freight into Eternity. Some people escaped by seeking shelter amidst the branches of the giant pines and oaks; a portion were so saved, but others had found only death traps, for yielding to the force of the wind, many were thrashed to death by the swinging of the branches, or knocked off into the raging sea below."

Apparently the Red Cross quickly responded to the calamity, buying grits by the carload for distribution to the destitute, employing men to clear away the debris, drain fields and distribute rations. The relief work was wide spread, with it the Philadelphia Friends evidently cooper-



The Donkholer Patriarch, Ivan Mahortov and his School, as photographed by Joseph Elkinton of Philadelphia

ated. One comment crept into Joseph S. Elkinton's diary that smacks of a race prejudice too prevalent to-day; "There may be some foundation in what is reported hereaway, that Southern Democrats thought, as did their representatives in Congress, that there were too many 'niggers' and it will be well to let them die."

There is no necessity of going over the extraordinary mileage of this itinerant minister. Suffice to mention extensive traveling in Canada throughout the years 1899 to 1901. During the summer of 1903, he satisfied a concern to visit the "remnant" Indians of New York State, New England and Nova Scotia, to be followed in the summer of 1904 with rather unusual subterranean experiences amongst the miners of Pennsylvania. The wording in his diary reflects an embracive elasticity, when he reported to the Monthly Meeting (11 Mo. 24, 1904) that he had held meetings in the limits of mining districts. Note the point of the compass indicated by the original minutes written 6th. Mo. 23, 1904: "To engage in religious service among the people in general within the limits of Goshen Monthly Meeting of Friends, holding some public meetings particularly in places where there were formerly meetings of Friends."

The migration of the Doukhobors from the

hill country of the Caucasus to the great plains of the Canadian North West, not only surpassed by single ship load the number of religious refugees ever conveyed before to the shores of the American continent, but also represented what will probably be the last great movement of a people seeking religious and political liberty in the Northern part of the Western Hemisphere for many years to come. It stands to the credit of the Society of Friends in England and America, that they were quick to sense the needs of these unhappy Russians, and to relieve their distress by aiding and arranging for their release from the Empire of the Tsar, by raising funds for their transportation (7,363, by boat across the sea) and by negotiating the innumerable details incident to the travel of these folk across Canada to their home in the New World. The enormity of this task and its significance will increase the farther history leads us from the event.

On the afternoon of the 23rd. day of First Month, 1899, the ship, Lake Huron, commanded by Captain Evans, put in to Halifax laden with the first contingent of the Doukhobors. The record of this dramatic arrival was recorded by Joseph S. Elkinton himself, who went to meet them; "As we approached and came up opposite the windward side, it was a wonderful sight; the

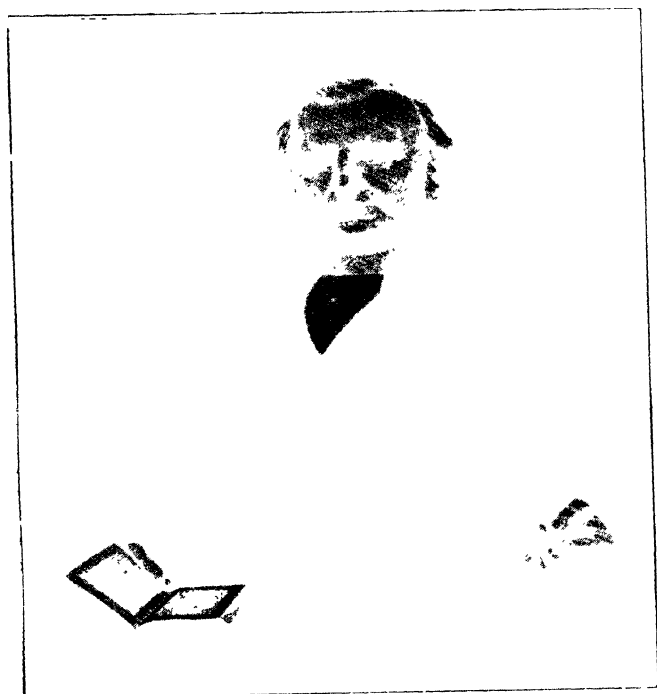
children in the front, the length of the ship on both decks, made one imposing sight. Most of them had on sheepskin coats with the wool inside, the girls in front of the women and the boys in front of the men; and all joined in a subdued but melodious and distinct tone in chanting words." The moving pathos and rhythm of the Doukhobor sacred chants is always affecting, especially so under the circumstances of their arrival safe in port, after a tedious voyage of nearly a month. They sang: "Know all men. God is with us. He has carried us through. We uplift our voice and sing His praise. Let all people hear and join us in our praise of the Almighty. They that planned our ruin did not succeed. We never feared them because God was with us, and gave us strength. Our Lord has strength to save us; why should we fear? They that put their trust in Him are never forsaken. They that do not know Him now shall know Him hereafter. The light shines in the darkness and will dispel it."

The chant ceased, and Joseph S. Elkinton knelt in prayer of thanksgiving on the vessel's deck.

We cannot follow these people to the end of their eventful journey into the Saskatchewan. There was delay, discouragement and tedium,

but in spite of the innumerable obstacles, William Evans and Joseph S. Elkinton were able to plant the seeds of a friendship between the Doukhobors, and the Society of Friends, the full fruit of which has not yet been gathered.

Joseph S. Elkinton died Fifth month 18th., 1905 at his summer home, at Malvern, Pennsylvania. In closing this account of his life it is almost impossible to stress any one characteristic to the hurt of the rest. He enjoyed a tremendous vitality that made his remarkable itineracy possible. A man of less vigor and determination would have fallen far short in the great variety of his endeavors. The religious faith of his father took deep root in a nature that grew peculiarly sensitive to spiritual intuitions. He loved his fellow beings with a generosity and warmth that made lifelong and devoted friends. Folk who to this day bear witness to this singular capacity, whether they be intimates of his family, men of business, Negroes in the Southland, Indians in New York, Doukhobors in Canada, Priest or Protestant, all testify to the rich vein of human love that rested in his soul, his share of the great love of God.



J. BEVAN BRAITHWAITE

J. BEVAN BRAITHWAITE

1818-1905

"The unity of Christians is not in our judgment something that needs to be artificially created; it is already here, and only needs to be recognized and acted on. We have unity with 'all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness,' and in whose lives His character is being manifested, whatever diversities there may be in the formulas by which they express themselves, or in the practices by which they seek to cherish His life in their souls."

LONDON Y. M. PRONOUNCEMENT, 1917.

J. BEVAN BRAITHWAITE

The new world of steam power and industrial expansion was just coming into existence, but the long journey from Kendal to London must still be made by canal boat and stage coach, when young Bevan Braithwaite, a short-sighted, bookish lad of sixteen, left his home in the Spring of 1834, to make his first visit to the metropolis.

Before settling down to the study of a profession, he was to enjoy the great privilege of a visit to London, and the attendance at Yearly Meeting. In later years he thus describes his experience :

“Up to that time I had never been further than Lancaster. I went with our cousin Isaac Wilson, on the swift canal boat which was then running about nine or ten miles an hour, as far as Preston, and thence by coach to Manchester.

“From Manchester we set out about twelve o'clock on Fourth or Fifth day in one of the fast four-horse coaches, ‘The Peveril of the Peak.’ Everything was new to me; it was a beautiful afternoon, and the drive by Buxton, Bakewell,

Matlock, Derby and Leicester was very enjoyable. We travelled through the night on the outside of the coach (I remember passing through Northampton between two and three in the morning), and so with deepening interest as we approached London, through Dunstable, Barnet and Highgate. I remember the feelings of awe which crowded upon my mind as we approached the metropolis of the British Empire. We changed horses for the last time at 'The Angel' at Islington, and dashed on in fine style to the 'Swan with Two Necks' in the heart of the City. We were from twenty-three to twenty-four hours on the road from Manchester, which was considered at that time lightning speed."

It was a day of unrest and change, not only in material things, but also in men's thinking and acting, and this Quaker boy had been bred up at the very centre of this unrest as it was then showing itself in the Society of Friends. The earliest recollections of his childhood were of a mother absent far away beyond the sea in America. He knew that she had gone, as she believed, in obedience to a divine call, and that the children left behind must do their part by being obedient and diligent at home. There were seven children living, of whom Bevan and his twin sister Caroline were the youngest. When-

ever the ship on which she had sailed away, with its friendly Captain Rogers, returned to port, there would be the box of presents for the children; polished horns of the bison; moccasins broided with the dyed quills of the porcupine; a fragment of the Treaty Tree of William Penn; little Bevan drank it all in and never lost the vivid impressions of this early interest.

Between 1823 and 1830, his parents, Isaac and Anna Braithwaite, made three visits to America, and when they finally returned to their Kendal home, Bevan was a boy of nearly twelve, shy and sensitive; always buried in his books, and fond of going off on solitary rambles among the hills on half-holidays.

A painful impediment in his speech, and his short-sightedness, increased his natural shyness; yet his mind was already at work on the deep problems of religion. America had been the battle ground of Quaker controversy, in which his parents had taken a prominent part, and Bevan, though but a child, had become familiar with the whole history of it. The influence of the French Revolution had been strongly felt there, and the seething unrest of the period came to a climax in American Quakerism sooner than in England, where, however, the same influences were also at work.

When Isaac and Anna Braithwaite returned to England in 1829, they were immediately brought into contact with this unrest. It manifested itself in their own circle by earnest efforts made by their relative Isaac Crewdson to counteract it. For this purpose he published a small book called "The Beacon"; hence the name of the controversy, which was at its height in 1834, when young Bevan Braithwaite attended his first Yearly Meeting.

The observance of the outward ordinances, and the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, were important points in the controversy, but back of them were the even more important doctrines of justification by faith, and the work of the Holy Spirit.

The Quaker faith, once so dynamic and living, had lapsed through a century of quietism into a somewhat sleepy, respectable formalism, and it was doubtless good that men should be aroused from that sleep, even by the fires of controversy, but it was a very serious experience for the sensitive boy at this formative period of his life. Bevan attended the Yearly Meeting. He listened with absorbed interest to the debates; he became familiar with the leaders on both sides; with the faces of Thomas Shillitoe, William Rickman, Jonathan Hutchinson, William Allen, William

Forster, Josiah Forster, Joseph John Gurney, Edward Pease, and Peter Bedford; and after a few weeks spent with relatives in and around London, he returned to Kendal, and was soon articulated to Roger Moser, a solicitor of some note in his native town. But the thrilling religious controversy was not forgotten. The studious boy of sixteen was pressed into the service, and in the two years that followed it was his (anonymous) pen, which perhaps more than any other one thing, harassed and annoyed the defenders of traditional orthodoxy.

During these years he wrote four letters which were published in a leading Nonconformist Journal, "The Patriot," and a series of six papers to illustrate from the early literature of the Society (in a highly controversial spirit), the unsoundness of a paragraph in the Yearly Meeting's Epistle of 1835, which contained an unguarded recommendation of the writings of the early Friends.

Looking back on these activities, J. B. B. says that though not a very profitable occupation for a young man, they yet served to give him a very extended acquaintance with the literature of the Society, and even then he was struck with the quiet dignity and excellent spirit of much that passed under review.

In short, although many of his nearest and dearest relatives left the Society at this time, young Bevan Braithwaite, after going so far as to make an appointment with a minister of the Church of England with a view to receiving baptism at his hands, eventually decided to remain in the Church of his boyhood.

In 1841, being again in attendance at London Yearly Meeting, he took an opportunity of publicly stating that "Having felt deeply humbled at the painful remembrance of the part I had taken some years ago (though anonymously) in the controversy, then existing in the Society, I believed it right for me to acknowledge my reverent thankfulness for having been enabled to see the Scriptural character of its principles and my fervent desire for myself and my dear Brethren of my own age that we might be enabled, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit more and more to carry out those principles in the simplicity of faith."

I have dwelt at length upon this early experience because I believe that if one is to understand the character of the man who, more than any other single person, influenced and guided the policy of the Society during the middle years of the nineteenth century, one must know some-

thing of the circumstances in which that character was formed and tested.

In 1840 he emerged from the "Controversy," still scarcely more than a boy; he was but twenty-two; yet with all his religious opinions thoroughly grounded and settled. He had loved his Savior from a child, there had never been any doubt on that point, and having once made up his mind that the Society of Friends embodied in its belief the fundamental truths of Christianity as he understood them, he never, during the remaining sixty-five years of his life, wavered in his allegiance to it.

In estimating the forces that were active in the formation of J. B. Braithwaite's character, we must not overlook the influence of his native county. Westmoreland has still distinctive characteristics of its own, which stamp themselves upon its sons and daughters: eighty years ago these were far more distinctive and powerful, and J. B. Braithwaite was peculiarly susceptible to them.

His native town of Kendal lies at the very gate of the Lake Country, and as a boy he drank great draughts of joy in the romantic beauties of the district. If it be true that "A sound once uttered never dies," then the hillsides and the "scaurs" around Kendal must still echo, for

those who have ears to hear, with that boyish voice reciting Homer and Virgil, or shouting forth on some half holiday tramp the sonorous syllables of a Hebrew text.

His mind was athirst for knowledge, and though his school education was ended (he never had any except the good foundation gained at the Friends' School at Kendal), he set himself a rigorous course of study, and pursued it through the early morning hours of many years, patiently plodding away at Greek and Hebrew, and world history, especially at the history of the Christian church.

His days were given to law, but, to use his own words, his spare time was mostly given to the Gospel, and this, to him, was ever the most congenial study.

Thus the beauties of nature, and the best thought of the human mind, both ancient and modern, had their share in the young man's growth.

On coming to London he entered the chambers of John Hodgkin, a distinguished conveyancer, and a recorded minister among Friends; grandfather of Doctor Henry Hodgkin. Here he completed his legal studies, and in course of time was duly called to the Bar, and began the tedious

process of waiting for business through which every young lawyer must pass.

In after years, J. B. Braithwaite enjoyed a well-earned reputation as a lawyer remarkable for skill in all that pertains to "conveyancing"; title deeds, wills, etc., etc.

With his pupils, too, at that time an important part of a barrister's work, he was very successful, for he loved young men, and conscientiously devoted himself to their interests.

Thus by hard work, and with very small independent sources of income, he succeeded in supplying the needs of his large family, and bringing up nine boys and girls equipped with sufficient education to meet the growing demands of the age.

But I am anticipating. At first he lived in lodgings and only by slow degrees achieved financial independence, and began to obtain a standing in the legal world.

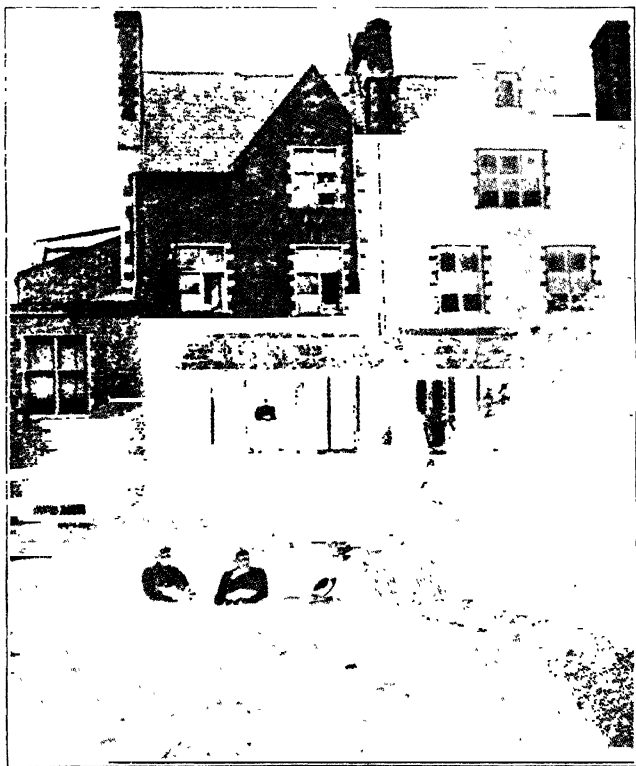
Then his affections turned to a young relative of his friend and master, John Hodgkin. This was Martha Gillett, the eldest child of Joseph Ashby Gillett, a banker of Banbury. She was beautiful and gifted and a true Friend. Even before her marriage she was a recorded minister, and had travelled as such in Ireland. Their engagement was prolonged, partly for financial

reasons, and partly from family circumstances, and they were not married till 1851. She proved a true helpmeet for J. B. Braithwaite, and during forty-four years of happy married life they shared each other's joys and sorrows.

As the years passed their home became increasingly a centre of Quaker interests in London. Bevan Braithwaite had been for some years an acknowledged minister, and one of the leading Friends of Westminster and Longford Monthly Meeting. He was also every year becoming more influential in the Society at large; his mature judgment, and careful, scholarly interpretation of Friends' principles, being greatly valued.

His early sympathy with the Beaconite leaders had given him a deep interest in Home and Foreign Missions, which, later, made him peculiarly fitted to meet the revival movement in America. As a boy at Kendal he had taken active part in Sunday school and temperance work, and on coming to London he became one of the pioneers in starting a Sunday School for poor children, in the neighbourhood of Westminster Meeting. His interest in the Bible Society was always deep, and he was one of the founders of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association in 1868.

The legal vacation of two or three months gave opportunity every autumn for religious service,



The home on the Camden Road, showing the garden in the rear.

and was regularly spent in visits to different English Meetings. Sometimes he travelled as a member of a Yearly Meeting's Committee, appointed to visit some special Quarterly Meeting; and once a prolonged visit to Friends in Ireland was paid in this way.

So the years passed, until in 1865 he asked for, and obtained a minute to visit several of the American Yearly Meetings. It was a very critical time, for the Civil War had only just closed, and feeling, both in the North and South, was still running high.

J. B. Braithwaite was now forty-seven years old, in the meridian of his powers. He had never yet been outside the British Isles, but his early interest in America, and frequent intercourse with American Friends, had prepared him for this service, and the visit, though lasting only three months, was an epoch-making one, both to himself and to those whom he visited. Four Yearly Meetings; those of Indiana, Iowa, Western, and Baltimore were attended; and work was done in Virginia, New York, New England and Philadelphia. In many places he was warmly welcomed by those who had been friends of his parents, and this renewal of the old ties was a keen enjoyment, whilst the new friendships, formed with a younger generation of American

Friends, were many of them such as lasted to the end of his life.

He entered with the keenest interest into the problems confronting the Society, especially those that arose from the war, and from the forcible emancipation of four million African slaves, most of whom were totally illiterate, and but poorly fitted to face the new conditions.

The first Yearly Meeting attended was Iowa, then quite recently established, and the only one West of the Mississippi. The pioneer conditions, and the earnest aggressive spirit of the leading Friends, formed the strongest possible contrast to the old conservative ways of the East.

Here a new discipline was in preparation, and various questions of church organization were under consideration. J. B. Braithwaite listened to the discussions with a singularly open mind, and took his share, when occasion offered, with his customary ripe scholarship, and the grasp of the Quaker statesman.

Then came Western Yearly Meeting, and then Indiana; and in attending these three he had come into contact with the representatives of the great body of Western Friends.

Everywhere it was the same. The struggle of the Civil War was over, and in the commercial depression which followed, men's hearts were

turning back to seek the Lord. A religious revival was sweeping through the land. J. B. Braithwaite's concern was to deepen and strengthen the fundamental principles of Quakerism, and at the same time to encourage the new earnestness in evangelistic service.

A somewhat hurried trip through Virginia followed the western journey. Here he came to close quarters with the devastations of the war. Virginia had been one of the principal battle grounds, and its pride of race had suffered deeply in the defeat. Reconstruction days in Virginia were full of bitterness and acute suffering, and the close contact with this came as a shock to himself and Joseph Crosfield, the English Friend who was his fellow-traveller.

Returning to Baltimore and Philadelphia, Boston and New York, they met yet other phases of American Quakerism. Here the conservatism of the East, coupled with strong anti-slavery feeling, predominated; much very pleasant social intercourse was enjoyed; and, especially in Philadelphia, the foundation of many permanent friendships was laid.

Then the short three months had passed, and with a mind full of new impressions J. B. Braithwaite took ship in New York for his homeward voyage.

On his return from this journey, life went on as usual at 312 Camden Road: hard work; professional and religious, was the order of the day. At home, the study with its growing collection of books, coins, etc., was the chief centre of his activities. Of this side of his life, his son William Charles says: "Our father's library, or study, as we always called it, was a long narrow room, the further half of which had been specially built out by him from the back of the house. It was a pleasant room, though without any ornament, either of architecture or furniture. One door opened into the green vista of a small conservatory, and the windows looked out on a wide stretch of suburban gardens. The walls were hidden by bookshelves or cupboards from floor to ceiling, except for two or three spaces which were covered with portraits and photographs.

"He had gathered together an excellent library, for use rather than luxury, and knew with unfailing accuracy where any book he wanted could be found. It had its commencement in the generous gift of books from Joseph John Gurney in 1834, when the young student was paying his first visit to London at the age of sixteen. * * * This included the whole of the Scholia of Rosenmuller, with the lexicons of Schleusner for the

Greek Testament, and Simonis for the Hebrew.

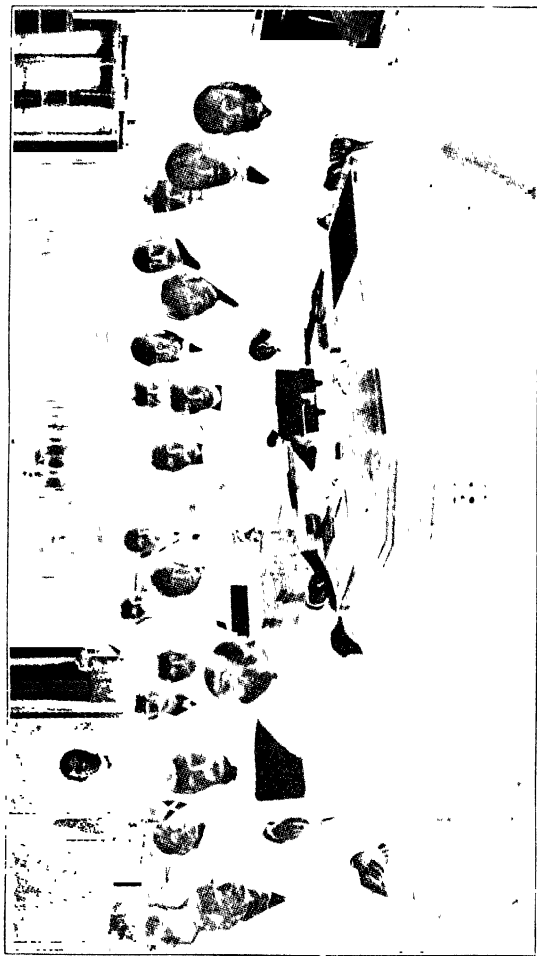
“To him, as to Milton, ‘a good book’ was ‘the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.’ In his study, at say four o’clock in the morning, when the heart of London was at rest, our father would chat affably with Augustine, and renew his youth with Cicero over a cup of tea. At these favoured times, he rose above what he called the ‘strift’ of business and the cares of the churches, and seated in his revolving arm-chair, with a row of choice Elzevirs on the desk before him, and to right and left rank on rank of the great men of old, he buried himself in the past and lived over again the life of Jerome or Origen. * * * *

“A conversation in the study between our father and a congenial friend was always an interesting occasion. As the talk proceeded and stirring questions emerged, authorities began to be cited and to be verified: a pile of Greek Testaments on one table marked a conflict of opinion as to the true reading of John I. 18 (‘the only begotten Son,’ or ‘the only begotten God’), a mass of folios on another denoted the part taken in the conversation by ‘my old friend Clemens Alexandrinus,’ or other venerable and venerated Church fathers, while on the desk lay Jeremy

Taylor's '*Ductor Dubitantium*.' The two friends would go from one book to another, collating, comparing, confirming, making the books take part in their learned talk, until the room seemed to swell into a vast arena thronged with the great men of all ages, assisting in the struggles of the nineteenth century."

These books which were in a very special sense his spiritual sustenance soon introduced him to one of the most absorbing interests of his life. This was the British and Foreign Bible Society, of whose committees he became a member in 1869. He prized this privilege highly both on account of his love for the Bible and interest in its circulation, and for the opportunity which the position afforded for intercourse with other like-minded Christian men, amongst others Lord Shaftesbury, for many years its President.

This interest in the Bible Society led directly to J. B. Braithwaite's next long journey, a journey in its turn fraught with far-reaching consequences. It was in the summer of 1872 that the then Secretary of the Committee asked Bevan Braithwaite to accompany him in a comprehensive visit to the various centres of Bible Society work in Central and Southern Europe. Such visits usually took place once in five years, when a careful survey was made of each several field,



The Editorial Committee of the British Bible Society, showing J. B. B., the presiding officer, his hands resting on his cane.

e. g. France; Germany; Austria; Turkey; etc., and plans were considered for future work. The colporteurs employed in the district were gathered together, and much valuable intercourse took place. J. B. Braithwaite's wide Christian sympathy gave him a special fitness for such work, and he always counted it of far more importance thus to touch the springs of the spiritual condition of a country, than to acquire anything which mere sightseeing, or a knowledge of its history, or political condition could furnish. Such visits had been made in Paris, Stuttgart, Vienna, Budapest, and Constantinople, when at the last named place in the midst of intense interest both in the Bible Society work and in social intercourse with the American missionaries. J. B. Braithwaite was taken ill with a violent attack of malarial fever. By the doctor's advice the party proceeded by sea to Athens, where he arrived in an unconscious condition. Excellent doctors and nurses were obtained, but as the rest of the party were obliged to move on, leaving only J. B. Braithwaite, Junior, then a schoolboy of seventeen, with his father, it was thought best to summon Martha Braithwaite to his bedside. With her eldest daughter she set out at once, and after a somewhat adventurous journey across Europe, reached Athens to find her husband just

regaining consciousness, and emerging from the very critical condition in which he had lain for two weeks. A period of slow convalescence followed, but it was not till five weeks later that the patient, still extremely weak, was considered fit for the homeward journey. They travelled by sea to Marseilles, encountering a terrific storm, comparable to that which the Apostle Paul met with on his way to Rome, but finally reached home safely and with thankful hearts, just before Christmas.

This journey laid the foundation of a life-long interest in Christian mission work in Vienna, Constantinople, and Athens.

Other years of work in the homeland followed. Here let me say that whilst foreign travel and world interests naturally take a large place in any record of this remarkable life, the influence he exerted in his own home, and in his ordinary everyday life, was equally important and far-reaching. His law pupils, many of whom later on themselves became men of note, felt his influence; so did his colleagues on the Bible Society's committee; so also did the numerous American visitors, and the Christian workers from other lands, to whom the hospitality of his home was freely extended; so above all did the members of

his own religious Society, for whose best interests he toiled unceasingly.

The pressure of business, and the financial cares incident to the education of his boys and girls, although they did at times weigh heavily, were accepted as a part of his life service the fixed purpose of which was to glorify his Savior.

Many delightful friendships resulted from these varied interests; e. g. in Home Missions, T. B. Smithies—Editor of the "British Workman," "Band of Hope Review," etc.; in Foreign Missions, Dr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone, and John G. Paton. The friendship with David Livingstone dated back to Bevan Braithwaite's sister Anna, and the old Kendal days. It was kept alive by frequent visits when the great explorer was in England, and by correspondence when he was in Africa; one of the letters brought by Stanley after his last interview with Livingstone was addressed to J. B. Braithwaite. In this letter the traveller spoke of several personal matters known only to himself and to his legal adviser (J. B. Braithwaite), affording positive proof of the genuineness of the letters.

In 1875 another long continental journey was undertaken, this time in company with his wife, daughter Anna, and their friends Robert and Christine Alsop. This journey too was full of

interest. The McAll Mission stations in Paris; the Friends in the South of France; the Vaudois churches, both in their native valleys and in the principal cities of Italy, as far south as Rome; and finally another brief, crowded visit to Vienna and Budapest; all this formed many fresh links with the Protestant Christians on the Continent; links which were kept bright through many years by individual Christmas greetings, planned for with loving thought by the husband and wife together.

The second American visit took place in the Autumn of 1876. Eleven years had elapsed since Bevan Braithwaite's former visit, and many changes were taking place in American Quakerism. The wave of revival, which in 1865 was just beginning, had swept over the entire West and had resulted in large additions to the membership in most of the meetings.

How best to shepherd these new members and at the same time to push forward and consolidate the aggressive movement was the problem now confronting Friends. The new Pastoral methods were being adopted, and it almost seemed as though the principles as well as the methods of ancient Quakerism were being cast aside. J. Bevan Braithwaite had watched with deep interest the progress of events, and now he longed

to give what help he could to his trans-Atlantic brethren.

On this visit he spent about four months in the States, and attended six Yearly Meetings, those of Ohio, Indiana, Western (Indiana), and Iowa in the Middle West, and the two Southern Yearly Meetings of Baltimore and North Carolina. Besides this, he visited the large cities of Wilmington, Cincinnati and Chicago, and made a long journey of a thousand miles after Baltimore Yearly Meeting to visit the scattered meetings of Friends in Eastern Tennessee. He completed his work by paying "family visits" to Friends in Philadelphia and by attending several important meetings in New York State.

From Indiana, his companion, Dr. Joseph Taylor of Burlington, writes:—"10 mo. 2, 1876. We have had an interesting Yearly Meeting, but J. B. B. is working *too hard*, having had much service nearly every day and evening, and is surely exerting a most *important influence*; he attracts round him a swarm of young ministers, who ply him with questions, and who are greedy to hear his explanations of Scripture passages, and he always seems ready with an answer out of his large storehouse of knowledge. Some of his labours have been of a most *remarkable* char-

acter, giving positive evidence of *Divine guidance* such as I have never before witnessed."

In a letter to Stanley Pumphrey, near the close of his visit, J. B. Braithwaite thus summarizes its later engagements: "Philadelphia, XII. mo., 10, 1876. I was enabled to visit Cincinnati, Scipio, Union Springs, Baltimore (where the Revision of the Discipline was comfortably accomplished) and have been since visiting the families in Twelfth Street, greatly to my satisfaction. It has been a really comforting service. I have also attended each of the other meetings in Philadelphia and Germantown, Haddonfield and Abington; the Q. M.'s at Caln, Western and Burlington, and had personal intercourse with Charles Rhoads, James Rhoads, Samuel Morris, Samuel Emlen and other Friends, besides Doctor Evans and Joseph Scattergood and Morris Cope, at whose houses I have taken meals. I was at New York attending their Representative Meeting on Sixth and Seventh days, and the Bible Society on Fifth day. I expect to return thither on Third day, and to sail on the 13th. by the *Algeria*. They, too are revising their Discipline, and I found myself, though very reluctantly, obliged to give them the helping hand."

The family visits in Philadelphia at this time were felt to be very helpful. In his journal J.

B. Braithwaite says of them: "I seldom engaged in any similar service in which I have had more satisfaction from sitting to sitting. The way has appeared made in the hearts of the dear Friends, many tears have been shed from place to place, and a precious sense of the love of Christ has attended us. * * * * * My heart has been humbled in thanksgiving under the sense of the loving kindness and tender mercy of the Lord.

"Our beloved friend Marmaduke Cope has been my kind and faithful companion throughout the day, and David Scull, junr., or his dear brother Edward in the evening."

Two years later he was again starting for the States. This time he went as one of a delegation from London Yearly Meeting to the Friends in the Western States.

As before, J. B. Braithwaite attended several of the Yearly Meetings in the West, and had large opportunities of service. The deputation held several important meetings, endeavoring to inculcate "the right discipline, subjection, and obedience of the soldiers of Christ"; the importance of "having the understanding in subjection to the truth, not going out into unrevealed mysteries, but keeping with holy reverence within the limitations of Holy Scripture"; and as to

the great importance of our dwelling upon those things that are plain, and upon which we are agreed, and acting them out in love.

An incident which illustrates the remarkable guidance which appeared to accompany J. B. Braithwaite in these religious journeys was sent after his death by Charles Coffin of Richmond, Indiana, to the *London Friend*:

“At the close of Indiana Yearly Meeting, Bevan Braithwaite announced that he felt a concern to attend New Garden Quarterly Meeting, about ten miles distant. I offered to drive the Friends up to New Garden. On the way, whilst the other two kept up a continual fire of questions as to the products of the fine farms we passed, the methods of culture, etc., J. B. Braithwaite sat with closed eyes, apparently in a mood of profound abstraction.

“As we approached an old-fashioned toll-gate, he roused from his abstraction, and said to me, ‘Charles, I feel a call to some one in that house.’ A woman came out to collect toll. I paid her, and noting his foot was on the carriage step, I said to the woman, ‘This Friend feels a concern towards some one here.’ She said, ‘My husband is very ill, and I am sure would like to see him.’ We all got down and hitched the horse and went into the house, finding a man there feeble and

ill in bed. Joseph Bevan Braithwaite advanced across the room to him, took his hand, and said, 'My friend, I felt a call to come to thee, and bear thee a message.' He then went on with beautiful and eloquent words, and pictured to him the love of his Saviour, and that he was calling him to mansions above. Then kneeling down and holding the man's hand, he made a most eloquent and touching prayer. Then placing his hand upon his head, he gave him a blessing. The man was greatly agitated, and seemed overwhelmed with the feeling that a messenger had come to him from above, and that he could now depart in peace."

After Indiana's Yearly Meeting, J. B. Braithwaite went further West to attend the Yearly Meeting in Kansas. He then made quite a round of visits to places in Iowa, etc., where a little friendly aid seemed needed, having repeated opportunities of intercourse with those who were dissatisfied or unsettled. His visits to Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York were very brief on this occasion, but he contrived to do some valuable work, having amongst other things an excellent interview with the students at Haverford College, and another at a Theological Seminary in New York City.

Some of the events of the next five years must

be passed over very briefly. A visit to the continent in 1880, full of interest through personal intercourse with distinguished Biblical scholars, such as Dr. Delitsch; Martha Braithwaite's serious illness in 1881 and resultant failing health; the marriage of several of his children; all these things had their influence upon his life but cannot be dwelt upon in this brief sketch.

In 1883 he undertook another long journey in the interests of the Bible Society, in the company of their Secretary, Charles Reed, and of his own youngest son, William Charles Braithwaite.

He passed again through France and Switzerland, Germany, Austria, South Russia and Turkey; renewing former friendships and noting the progress made in the eleven years that had elapsed since his former visit. At Constantino-ple there was the added interest of meeting with some Armenian Christians who had adopted the views of Friends, and of helping them in organizing their little group. J. B. Braithwaite thus describes the occasion. In reply to a question as to how they had been brought to entertain these views, he answered; "They said that it was, as near as they could recollect, about twenty-five years ago, when an elderly Friend, quite an old man, was here along with a French gentleman. I at once thought of John Yearly who

was here with Jules Paradon, and had a sun-stroke after holding a meeting at Ismid (the ancient Nicomedia) and was taken to England, where he lingered a few days in an unconscious state and died in his house, Vine Cottage, Stamford Hill. They gave a feeling account of the effect produced by his ministry and simple, earnest devotedness. Then came my visit to Constantinople, eleven years ago, and Dr. Dobrashian's visit to England; with their own reading and meditating upon Holy Scripture accompanied by the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit.

"I then deliberately read portions from the chapter on Doctrine in our new Book of Discipline on the authority of Scripture, on the Atonement, on Worship, and the full section on outward Baptism and the Supper from the Epistle of 1880 or 1881. The portions read were carefully translated into Armenian. It was touching and very instructive to listen to the words of earnest and thankful assent which fell from each of them, as the paragraphs were translated one by one. A brief minute of what had passed was then deliberately entered upon record and fully agreed to."

To one who, like Bevan Braithwaite, had from childhood been steeped in Biblical and early

Christian lore, the journey through Asia Minor and Palestine was naturally intensely interesting. His travelling companions shared his feelings; in short it would have been hard to find a better informed or more appreciative group than that which gazed upon the heights of Taurus, striving to identify the remains of ancient Tarsus; or who traversed the ruins of Ephesus; or mused upon the fate of Sardis, Laodicea, Thyatira. In the Holy Land the interest was of course even greater. Describing his visit to Dr. Vandyke at Damascus, J. B. Braithwaite wrote: "Last, but not least, our call on Dr. Vandyke, Sen., the now venerable translator of the Arabic Bible, which is generally recognized as among the best, if not the best, of modern translations. He is still so vigorous and young looking that I mistook him for his son. He gave us a little account of his great work; he began early, and set himself determinedly to learn Arabic from the natives, spending much time in associating and conversing with them, carefully noting their pronunciation and phraseology, and any peculiar idioms. Introduced to the work by Dr. Eli Smith, whom he assisted until his death in 1857, Dr. Vandyke steadily persevered, and had the satisfaction of completing it in 1864; when in the last year of the Civil War, he returned to

America to superintend the casting of the stereotype plates, both with and without the vowels; bringing them back as a fitting votive offering from the far West, to that Eastern land to which America owes, in the providence of God, the blessings of civilization and religion. I shall not soon forget the keen eye, the finely chiselled features, the slender form, the rapid movements of this truly noble man. His study was small, his library select, and well used. Freytag's Lexicon was on the table, a map of the stars upon the wall; a glass case of scientific apparatus bore witness that his studies were of no narrow order. His window looked westwards, commanding a beautiful view of the Mediterranean. A few steps in one corner led up to a little bedroom, quite a prophet's chamber, where he slept. I will only add that I had rather see Dr. Vandyke, the translator of the Arabic Bible, alive and vigorous in his study, than the cell of the dead Jerome at Bethlehem."

The special interest which attends the pilgrim who is striving for the spread of Christ's Kingdom is again seen in the delightful experiences of the travellers as they visited the Friends' mission centre at Brumana on Mount Lebanon. All the beauties of that "goodly mountain" were appreciated by them in a twofold degree as they

mingled with the Syrian Christians, and with the missionaries, entering into their problems, and sharing in the joy of their successes. In the Holy Land itself it was the same. At Beirut, at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, at Jerusalem, the intercourse with the Christian workers of to-day illustrated and made real the holy memories of the past.

At Bethlehem they visited the monastery in which Jerome spent the last thirty years of his life, and where he completed the great Latin translation of the Bible known as the Vulgate; and here J. B. Braithwaite took pleasure in transcribing in the visitors' book Jerome's saying in its original Latin; "The court of heaven is equally open from Britain as from Jerusalem."

The homeward journey through Greece and Italy, the Vaudois Valleys and the South of France, was again full of human interest, but space does not permit me to dwell at length upon its details. The Rev. C. E. B. Reed, the beloved travelling companion, whose early death from an accident in the Alps in the following summer placed the seal of a hallowed memory on all this journey, in his report to the Bible Society wrote; "I had the great advantage of being accompanied by Mr. Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, a senior member of our Committee, who had been over part

of the same ground eleven years before with my honoured predecessor, Mr Bergne. To an intimate knowledge of the Society's work and methods, he added a deep interest in the history and religious condition of the countries we visited, and an insatiable desire to do good. Had I been alone, I might have lacked confidence to step beyond the circle of the Society's operations; but a few days after starting I learnt a lesson which lasted me the rest of the way. We were driving one morning up the Traun Valley, near Ischl, when our coachman pointed to a village we were approaching, and said, 'The Evangelicals in that place outnumber the Catholics.' My friend at once exclaimed, 'Let us call on the pastor.' I gently demurred, on the ground that we were strangers, and that he might deem it an intrusion; but his reply was, 'You don't know how I am thirsting for openings; besides, a visit from a deputation from the Bible Society is a great thing for one of these lonely pastors.' After that I bade farewell to my reserve, and joined heartily in the meetings of Christian workers of all bodies that we held in the chief places to which we came."

The following year, 1884, another long journey was undertaken, this time in the interests of the Society of Friends.

Thomas Harvey, J. B. Braithwaite, William Robinson, and Thomas Pumphrey, were appointed by London Yearly Meeting to seek to heal a breach which had taken place amongst Friends in Canada, mainly on questions of methods of religious work.

The responsibilities resting upon Canadian Friends, the numbers of young men from English homes scattered here and there over that immense territory, the opportunities for ministering to the spiritual needs of the people in so many places, combined to fill the minds of the English delegation with regret for the unfortunate differences that had led to a division of forces where all the united strength was needed to meet the exigencies of the hour. The four Friends were well chosen for their practical wisdom, and for their warm hearts filled with the reconciling love of Christ. They labored hard, at first with good hope of success; but the serious illness of Thomas Harvey, and a carriage accident which completely disabled J. B. Braithwaite, weakened their hands, and eventually the breach remained unhealed, and has surely been a source of weakness in Canada ever since.

The accident above referred to was a severe one, resulting in a bad fracture of the right wrist, and bruises of the head and shoulders.

For days J. B. Braithwaite was unconscious; his son-in-law, Dr. R. H. Thomas, came in response to a telegram, but it was three weeks before he could be taken to Baltimore, where in his daughter's home he was cared for for more than two months amidst a very congenial circle of his Baltimore friends. His son, William Charles, came from England to be with him, and the almost daily visits of Francis T. King, and Dr. James Carey Thomas, were greatly enjoyed.

A never-failing source of interest during the weary hours of convalescence was the revision of his poem on the Apostle Paul, begun during the Eastern journey of the preceding winter, upon the birthday of his son William, when the party were off Messina, the port of Tarsus. His son says—

“Much of the poem was written on the Mediterranean and at Athens and Rome, some important sections were the fruit of his convalescence after his accident in Canada in 1884; the work was finally completed in 1885. The composition afforded my father the keenest pleasure, and the book gave great satisfaction to his wide circle of personal friends. The metre chosen was blank verse, and, by dint of much careful revision, a passable measure of skill in the use of this was attained. There are some passages which gave

vigorous and poetic expression to the thought. This, for instance—

‘Alone with Christ! in fellowship divine,
Blest solitude! how art thou needed now
Amidst this bustling, anxious world, where talk
Unceasing, and the multitude of books,
And ever varying cries, and theories new
Elbow each other, scanty giving space
For converse high, calm and retired, with Him,
The unchanged and perfect Teacher of the wise.
And yet, dear Lord, Thou wouldst not have us
leave

The world before Thy time, or in the world
Be sick of heart, faint with discouragement,
Basely deserting duty, dead to life’s
Tremendous conflict, cowardly sneaking off
To some choice hermitage, there, slumbering out
The dregs of life, useless to God and man.’

“But the chief value of the poem is not its poetry. The poetic form allowed my father to express concisely a great number of the master-thoughts of his life, without the tedium of arguing or elaborating them at length. And the life of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, with its strong evangelical message and the great centres of the ancient world for its background, was precisely the kind of framework he needed. If

the book is studied from this point of view it will be found to contain the ripe fruit of a life of reading and meditation. The verse, halting at times, moves among great scenes and noble thoughts. We find a careful description of the Messianic hope among the Jews (pp. 23-27), a spirited account of Stephen's martyrdom (p. 34), a fine passage, already quoted from, showing the place of the three years in Arabia in the Apostle's spiritual education, and a characteristic lament (p. 75) on the church, 'jarred and disjointed,' of to-day. Unfaltering faith should firmly maintain those clear truths, 'revealed to guide our souls to heaven.' But all else should be left, 'as questions unresolved, never designed to separate the fellowship of saints.' Then we are taken to Europe, and especially Athens. The hero of the poem is presented to us 'armed to the point,' in a passage which contains a careful commentary on Ephesians vi. 13-18;

“The Truth, his girdle strong,
Fast holding in restraint all fierce desires,
Bracing the soul for effort high. Behind,
No armour covers base retreat from foes,
Who vanquish only them that yield themselves.
In front see Righteousness, as breast-plate, shine
Brighter than burnished gold, reflecting clear
The Light of Him, the uncreated Light; * *

With sandals new, two-fold, for either foot,
God's Peace to man, man's perfect peace with
God,
And all through Christ, firm bound with cords
of love;
Behold his feet prepared; ready to run
Whither and whensoe'er his Captain sends
Swift and with joy. . . . '

"At Philippi the necessary reference to Lydia introduces the reader to our father's ideal woman—

" 'Faithful and wise,
With open heart and house; discreet, sincere,
Whose law was kindness, and whose word was
truth;
To luxury no slave nor pampered ease;
Despising bread of idleness and sloth,
But diligent to watch with prudent care
Thy household's ways; not to accumulate
And still add store to store of unused wealth;
But to devise with an ungrudging love,
Right royal gifts for all that needed help.'

"Athens and the careless Athenian crowd, and especially the Acropolis, are vigorously painted, and the wonderful beauty of the city must have made a deep impression on the writer's heart.

These word-pictures are followed by his reflections on the decay of Greece, through fratricidal wars, 'begun in freedom's name, ending in freedom's death.' There is a broad-minded allusion to Socrates, 'great Seer, herald of dawn in Gentile night, still feeling after God with earnest heart,' and then the poet launches out upon a voyage through time, bringing in his own favorite Christian writers and passing with adventurous sail to the New World, as the last conquest of Pauline Christianity.

"In the last section of the book we find Paul at Rome. Father was well read in all the Roman historians, and gives a keen analysis of the elements of greatness and grossness in the imperial city. He brings Paul face to face with Nero and makes him tell the Emperor that the blood of Christ could purge even Nero's guilt. Nero turns pale, and between remorse and dread sets free his prisoner. Nero's fate is sketched and Paul's own triumphant end, as foreshadowed in 2 Tim. iv. 6-8."

Two years later, in the summer of 1887, J. B. Braithwaite paid his fifth and last visit to America. This time he went as a member of a fraternal delegation from London Yearly Meeting to attend the Richmond Conference. The Conference was a gathering of all the Yearly Meetings on

the American Continent (except Philadelphia), and was called in the interests of unity. Philadelphia, with London and Dublin, sent fraternal delegates, and the Conference became the forerunner of the present Five Years' Meeting. Besides attending the Conference, the English Friends were also present at Western, Indiana, Kansas and Baltimore Yearly Meetings. J. B. Braithwaite had close friends in all the places visited, who looked up to him as a father in the Church. The Conference Delegates, many of whom had repaired to Richmond with hearts more or less filled with forebodings, were delighted to find, as the Conference proceeded, what a large amount of real unity and Christian love prevailed. They began to consider what steps should be taken to embody and perpetuate the feeling of unity. The proposal to embody the thought of the Conference in a Declaration of Faith, was enthusiastically adopted, and a Committee was set apart for its preparation. They called to their aid some of the fraternal delegates from London and Philadelphia. J. B. Braithwaite gives the following account of the preparation of this important document:

“We entered upon the work tremblingly and with much prayer; feeling our way from paragraph to paragraph. Dr. James E. Rhoads

kindly wrote to my dictation and proved a most sweet, loving, tender and efficient helper. There was no hurry or bustle, but all proceeded in absolute retirement in Allen Jay's private study and in great sweetness of spirit. We worked at it without interruption, except meals and needful rest, from about 7 p. m. on First day to noon on Third day, rising early and sitting late, and throughout with such precious intervals of worship and prayer. *Nothing was prepared beforehand*, not a word was put upon paper before we began as stated on First day evening. Neither Doctor Rhoads nor I attended any of the sittings of the Conference on Second day, or Third day morning; and I was not present when the committee was appointed and only heard of it from Allen Jay on his return to dinner. The idea that any of us took anything ready prepared from England is entirely without foundation. Being compilation, the materials were in our book of Discipline, the New York Discipline, the Declaration issued by the Lancashire Committee, and perhaps one or two other documents.

"The whole was carefully twice read and considered *very deliberately* by the committee of twelve at Allen Jay's house on Third day morning. It was generally approved; but some valuable suggestions were made. About half of it

was brought to the afternoon sitting of the Conference—and the remainder in the evening.”

The “Declaration” was adopted as part of its Discipline by Indiana and several other Yearly Meetings, and *approved* but not *adopted* by Baltimore and a few others. Hesitation was felt lest any written Declaration of Faith should become a hard and fast creed whose adoption should hamper the free development of Christian thought. This fear, combined with the fear of becoming involved in complications with the American Yearly Meetings, led to opposition in England to endorsing the proceedings of the Conference, and eventually the Declaration was simply printed in the proceedings of the Yearly Meeting, but no judgment was expressed upon it.

Personally, this was a disappointment to Bevan Braithwaite, but it is only fair to say that the Richmond Declaration of Faith has proved a blessing and help to the American Yearly Meetings. It was adopted and endorsed with great unanimity by the last Quinquennial Conference, in 1922, and has on the whole served the purpose for which it was compiled in promoting unity among the varied types of Friends, East and West.

J. B. Braithwaite never crossed the ocean again. He had paid five visits to the States, and

had helped in the drafting of the Discipline of several of the Western Yearly Meetings. Perhaps few English Friends have exerted so important an influence upon American Quakerism.

During the remaining eighteen years of his life he maintained an active correspondence with several leading American Friends. His home was open to all Americans who chose to claim his hospitality, and his personal interest was strengthened by constant intercourse with his beloved son-in-law, Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore, husband of his daughter Anna, and by the ten years' residence of another daughter, Elizabeth B. Emmott, in Baltimore, where her husband was professor of Roman Law in the Johns Hopkins University. The large family at Camden Road were now grown up. Two were in Japan; where since 1886 his son, George Braithwaite, had been acting as agent to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and his daughter, Mary Caroline, married to Dr. Willis N. Whitney, medical missionary and interpreter to the U. S. Legation at Tokyo, was also living; two daughters, as already mentioned, were married and settled in Baltimore; his eldest son, J. B. Braithwaite, Jr., and his eldest daughter, Martha B. Baker, were also married, so that only three still remained in the home at Camden Road.

These were his two unmarried daughters, Rachel and Catharine, and his son William Charles, now his father's partner in legal business, and the congenial sharer of many of his other interests.

The Richmond Declaration was but one small indication that the period at which J. B. Braithwaite had now arrived was one of considerable religious unsettlement and unrest both in England and America. In England there was a revolt against Calvinistic theology that sometimes threatened to result in the opposite evil of no theology at all. It seems due to Bevan Braithwaite to allow him to speak for himself on some of these disputed points, and a few selections from letters written during these years will enable him to do so.

ON MODERN THOUGHT

"I am pleased with what I have seen of the Presbyterian Review. It is difficult to combine the exigencies of modern thought with the arrangements and habits growing out of our old Institutions. There is One alone who can bring about the true adjustment. And blessed be His holy name, in the act of Creation, He did not withdraw Himself. He is the Living God, who inhabiteth Eternity, who has not only originated, but who continually sustains all things;

and who in His Eternal wisdom and love is, in one continued act of sustaining power and wisdom, still adjusting and harmonizing, that He may either in mercy or in judgment subdue all unto Himself. In this our exceeding ignorance and littleness, what have we to do but to worship, to love and to praise in the realizing sense of this infinite Grace who has sought us out and in His tender compassion redeemed us unto Himself in Christ Jesus our Lord."

ON THE ATONEMENT

"How is it possible that any person of ordinary candour or intelligence can read the plain teaching of Holy Scripture, without recognizing the precious truth pervading the whole, is to me a mystery. How explain the words, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission'? If we are not to understand *sins*, what are we to understand? What is the significancy of the sacrifices under the law? Without the atonement they are utterly unmeaning. Upon what ground was the sin of David pardoned, but only in virtue of that most satisfactory sacrifice *and no otherwise?* Who uttered the parable of the Prodigal Son, but the heart of God Himself, who taketh away the sin of the world; and how can any read it aright and forget that it is the Son

revealing the Father; and the Father revealing Himself in and through His only begotten Son, who, in the counsel of His eternal righteousness and love, was wounded for our transgressions; and bruised for our iniquities; upon whom it pleased the Lord to lay the iniquities of us all? What is the meaning of the words, 'This is my blood of the New Covenant that is shed for many, for the remission of sins'? and 'He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only; but also for the sins of the whole world?' In the glorious oneness of the Father and the Son, the Atonement is the expression of the holiness and the love of God solemnly proclaimed to fallen man in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT

"I must limit myself to very few lines in reply to thy important letter. In this solemn matter I abide implicitly and unreservedly by the Testimony of Holy Scriptures. The difficulties that are raised are really difficulties more or less applicable to other solemn problems; which are admitted facts and cannot be explained away. Why, for example, was sin permitted at all; with all its attendant miseries? The result of the free agency of a being intelligent but limited

and finite; sin has entered into the world, and death by sin, and it is the glory of the revelation of God in Christ, that in Him who verily was fore-ordained from the foundation of the world, the mercy and love of God are graciously manifested for the reconciling of the world without disestablishing the Law, or violating the claims of eternal holiness. God is *just* in the very act of justifying him whose only claim is that he accepted his mercy, believing in Jesus. Where sin abounded, Grace did much more abound. But, then, the very essence of this Divine arrangement is that it should be accepted, not by constraint, but willingly; not as of right, but of mercy. The Lord will have no forced service. His people can only rejoice as they offer willingly. All the pleadings, entreaties, warnings, exhortations, and loving appeals which we read in Holy Scripture are founded upon this—that man is free. Am I warranted in believing that there will ever come a period when he will be treated otherwise? Of what worth is constrained homage—a worship lifeless and without heart? Surely such worship must still be in vain for all eternity.

“The Lord ever works lovingly and persuasively; and therefore He hides not the Truth. He presents warnings and even threatenings,

as well as gracious invitations. Shall we presume to take one without the other? As well attempt to divorce Truth from Grace, righteousness from mercy, holiness from Love. The truth is, man with his finite mind and stammering tongue may, and perhaps must, speak of them one by one; but his distinguishing words can never separate or divide that which is eternally one in the Infinite God. The provision of Infinite Love can never contradict or interfere with the claims of Infinite purity. The claims of justice and of mercy are but *one*. In this view I dare not weaken a single motive that is urged in the Holy Scripture to lead a fellow sinner to repentance. As I dare not go beyond my commission as an ambassador of Christ, so neither dare I fall short of it. The whole counsel of God must be declared. A perishing world must be warned as well as entreated 'to flee from the wrath to come.' What is this wrath, 'the wrath of God,' 'the wrath of the Lamb'? I speak with reverential awe on this solemn subject. Is it not the active manifestation of His holiness, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity and from whom all that is evil is shut out forever? What does the Lord Jesus Christ mean when he repeats the language of the prophet—the Evangelical Isaiah: 'Where their

worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched'? Are these merely idle words? And how can they be explained away upon the theory of annihilation? Again in one of His most solemn utterances He affirms, 'these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life.' The very same word used both of the punishment and of the life. What warrant is there for interpreting one in a limited and the other in an unlimited sense? If it should please our Heavenly Father in another state of being to reveal some way of reaching those who have rejected His call in this present life, they whom He has redeemed could only worship and adore; but what warrant have we from our own preconceived ideas of what is fitting and right in our narrow littleness to presume upon any such revelation?

Bevan Braithwaite's love for young men, and intense interest in their well-being, made him long to be able to meet and help them in their religious difficulties. His own unquestioning faith made it hard to comprehend the outspoken freedom of modern youth, yet he trembled at the thought of being a hindrance or stumbling block to any sincere seeker after the truth.

In the years that followed his last visit to America, he made many efforts to meet with his best thought the intellectual difficulties of his

younger friends. Amongst these efforts were meetings at Chalfont House, London; very active interest in the establishment and maintenance of the Friends' Meeting at Cambridge; constant private correspondence; and a paper on Modern Thought read at the Manchester Conference in 1895.

Changes inseparable from the advancing years had taken place in the home circle at Camden Road. Bevan Braithwaite was now the only survivor of the seven brothers and sisters, children of Isaac and Anna Braithwaite, and now a fresh sorrow was at hand. His wife's brother, George Gillett, had for many years occupied the adjoining house, and had worked hand and soul with him in many philanthropic and missionary efforts. He was a younger man, gifted with sound practical judgment, and earnest whole-souled devotion to the cause of Christ. His statesman-like mind was the first to conceive the idea of a union of the leaders of the Churches in the cause of world Peace. He was still in the prime of life, but many years of intense work had exhausted his strength, and in the autumn of 1893, in the midst of his strenuous, self-sacrificing labours, he broke down. Advised that some months of complete rest were essential, he went to Banbury to recruit a little before

taking a longer journey, there became rapidly weaker, and passed quietly away in the room in which he had first seen the light fifty-four years earlier.

Another still heavier bereavement was at hand. Martha Braithwaite had had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs in the summer of 1881, and from that time her health had been precarious, entailing many long absences from home. In the severe winter of 1895 she was again ill, but appeared to rally, and was looking forward with loving pleasure to the coming of Dr. and Mary C. Whitney and their family from Japan, when in the early morning of Third month 27th. her strength suddenly failed, and she passed away very quietly almost before her attendants had realized that she was worse.

It was a crushing blow. They had been married almost forty-four years, and had always been most closely united. When separated by his religious journeys, or by her frequent illnesses, J. B. Braithwaite wrote to her almost daily, and she entered lovingly into all his interests, always unselfishly cheering him on in the path of duty.

At the time of his wife's death, J. B. Braithwaite was engaged in a religious visit to the members of his own Monthly Meeting of West-

minster. This involved visits to about three hundred homes, scattered through a wide area, and these visits were marked by the ready sympathy and often by the peculiar "guidance" which so often attended his religious work. It had been his custom on coming home to go first to his wife's room to share with her his latest experiences; indeed when she slipped away so suddenly from his side he was at first like one dazed and benumbed. The clear practical judgment; the loving heart that had always responded to his own were gone; and although no repining word was uttered, the absence of the beaming smile and the humorous twinkle in the eye were very marked.

In the following summer still another change took place. J. B. Braithwaite had come to depend largely on his son William, who lived at home, and had been associated with his father in the chambers at Lincoln's Inn, and had also shared to a large extent his other tasks and interests. He was now to be married, and owing to other changes it had been arranged that he was to become a partner in the Gillett's Bank at Banbury, which town henceforth became his home. Writing of this, J. B. Braithwaite says;—
* * * "By a curious coincidence the lease of my chambers will come to an end the 25th. of this

month, so that both William and myself shall retire from our loved profession together. I am feeling the prospect a good deal, but I trust that 'At eventide there may be light,' and that the calmness of the evening may be another sweet evidence in great mercy that my day has been richly blessed. * * * The change in our dear William's residence is a great change to me, and though, under the circumstances, I dare not stand in the way of what seems so likely to conduce to his happiness, I do not the less keenly feel it. We are so bound up in our pursuits and in each other. It is almost like cutting off the right hand."

J. B. Braithwaite was now in his seventy-ninth year, and his remaining nine years were marked by the gradual decay of his physical powers, whilst mentally and spiritually he was still bright and strong. Tenderly helped and cared for by his unmarried daughters, he accomplished considerable religious work. The Bible Society continued to be one of his chief interests. Since 1885 he had been Chairman of its Editorial Committee, and its weekly meetings were among his fixed regular engagements. His pamphlets, one in defence of the quality of the text and translation of the Latin Vulgate, and another showing the importance of allowing translators

to base their New Testament versions on a better Greek text than the Received text of the Reformation age, had a marked effect on its policy; and his retentive memory still held a warm personal interest in the many Continental workers whom he had learned to love on his Eastern journeys.

His wide correspondence was kept up, and his home was still a meeting place for earnest Christian workers from all lands. As his grandchildren increased in numbers, each little child became convinced of its grandfather's special love and interest, and many are the hallowed memories which to this day influence the lives of his descendants.

So the years passed, marked by growing infirmities of the flesh, but also by the ever-increasing brightness of that "shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The constant theme of his praise was Christ, the hope of glory, Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

There came a day in the spring of 1905 when to the customary question, "What have I to do to-day, my dear?" his daughter scarcely knew what to reply. She realized that all the special work which had occupied her father during the last few months was finished. The Memoir of

his mother, begun years before but only now completed, had been received from the printer two days earlier, to our father's extreme satisfaction. The letter which he had been carefully and laboriously preparing, addressed to the Yearly Meeting at Leeds, had been dispatched to the Clerk. He had written and re-written this letter until a perfect copy was obtained, and it had thus been a constant interest for many weeks. His resignation of the Chairmanship of the Editorial Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society had at last, though very reluctantly, been placed in the hands of the Committee, and he had now no further responsibilities in that direction. In fact everything seemed to be completed. That very day he was taken ill with an attack of congestion of the lungs and pleurisy, from which at first there seemed little prospect of his rallying, but after a few days his wonderful constitution reasserted itself and eventually he regained a measure of strength, and was able through the rest of the summer to drive out on fine days, and to enjoy his books and the visits of his friends. With the fogs and chill of winter his illness returned, and for a week he gradually sank, still full of thankfulness and praise, and thoughtful for the comfort of others, his fervent love and loyalty to his

Lord and Saviour making his life bright and joyous to the last, and the prayer was often on his lips, "Keep me and hold me fast in the embrace of Thy love." He seemed to live in an atmosphere of prayer; to have already done with earth, and to be, as he himself remarked, quietly waiting for the summons of the King. Whilst his eldest daughter was repeating to him the twenty-third Psalm, he interrupted her at the end of the first verse, saying very emphatically three times over, "I shall *not* want."—These were almost his last words.



ANNABELLA ELLIOTT WINN

ANNABELLA E. WINN

1818-1908

*"The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of God to hear."*

ANNABELLA E. WINN

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

It was abundantly true of our beloved mother that she lived in the calm assurance of her Heavenly Father's changeless love. In that faith she met the experiences of life and whether her days were dark or bright that anchor held.

Annabella, daughter of Daniel and Lydia Elliott, was born in Philadelphia, Ninth month, 6th., in the year 1818. An older sister Margaretta, and her two younger brothers John and Daniel, in time formed the circle of which the youngest sister was an important member; lovely traits of character and playful spirits made her dear to all. As a child it was said of her that she turned to her Saviour as the flower turns to the sun.

In the year 1823 our grandmother, Lydia Elliott, became a widow and in time married Thomas Shipley. Their son Samuel Richards, and daughters Hannah E. and Catharine M. were dear to mother, a mutual sisterly affection

bound them together. In her girlhood mother attended the school of Hannah and Sarah Whittall, afterward widely known as Mary Anna and Susan Longstreth's, and always referred to it with grateful appreciation. In mature years those beloved teachers welcomed their pupil of early days, after long absence from Philadelphia, to their loving fellowship, and her daughters to the delightful Europe class which they conducted in their school.

On Sixth month 4th., 1840, the Arch Street Meeting-house in Philadelphia was opened for a wedding. Thomas Winn, of Kendal, England, and Annabella Elliott, a young bride of twenty-two years, were united in marriage. Her sister Margaretta, and her friend Sarah Paschall Morris, were her bridesmaids, the latter being driven to meeting by a young colored coachman named Jenkins Purnell, who remained in her service to old age. Mother must have given him a smile or a kind word, for with the loyalty of his race he never forgot the bride of that day. The young people lived in Philadelphia where a son, Elliott, and a daughter Elizabeth were born. Owing to a business opening for father in the West, the family removed early in the year 1853 to Springdale, Iowa, a town in which the early settlers had built first a house of worship

and then a school building; the soul's welfare and the mind's development being their first concern.

It was a community of sterling worth. A fine spirit of comradeship prevailed, and from these simple homes young men and women went out to become leaders in the growing State.

The new home was situated about two miles west of the town, on the brow of a hill approached by a shady lane. There was a deep meadow, and there were corn and wheat fields which yielded an amazing harvest in that fertile soil, while far away stretched the unbroken prairies. Tall grasses waved over it; it was beautiful to eyes long used to city walls.

Mother's membership had been transferred to Springdale Monthly Meeting, where in time she became a recorded minister. Of this period in her life her beloved niece, Lydia Bean Cox, wrote; "Aunt Annabella's life had not always been in the great harbor of sheltered ease, but its discipline aroused in her a splendid courage and a fine effectiveness. It was no slight thing in the crude life of the new West, when farm homes were being made upon the virgin soil of the Iowa prairies, to have in our midst a gentle woman of such gracious sweetness and serene dignity. Her spiritual life, radiating from a

face and form of singular delicacy and beauty, rendered her as distinguished as she was beloved by old and young. I have heard a minister, of wide service across both oceans and in America, say that her notes to him in those days of his youth were an inspiration that called forth the highest possibilities of his spiritual nature.

"She brought to Red Cedar Quarterly Meeting, with its large newly-gathered assemblies, a personal influence and an upbuilding ministry that has born fruit in many lives, of the departed and the remaining. With her brother and sister, Joel and Hannah Elliott Bean, she took long journeys over the unbroken prairies to visit new meetings. The poor, the sorrowing and the imprisoned were sharers in her ministrations.

"Many exceptional pleasures of my childhood associate themselves with her generous living, when her life was full of cares hidden from us by the serenity that formed an atmosphere about her.

"My first delight in the sights of a moving menagerie was with her, after a long ride to the distant town, whence our supplies came. I remember how striking her Quaker garb was among the motley crowd. My first joy in a Christmas tree and all its fairy fancies was at Hickory

Grove, her Iowa farm, where more than forty years ago such festivity was a rare treat in that country. I seem to catch, as I recall those days, the starry gleam of her sweet eyes, as she entered into our pleasure with 'a heart at leisure from itself.'

"Living with Aunt Annabella was like walking in cloisters surrounding a fair convent garden, enclosed from the world, but fragrant with herb and flower, and breathed upon by sunny winds of heaven wafting the sound of bells to prayer.

"I was at her Newport home as a young girl when the wedding of a relative occasioned a large house-party and all the stir incident to such an event. The marriage was to be in the order of Friends, and a meeting would be held that day in her home for its consummation. She was the hostess of many guests, but this did not prevent her stepping quietly away to mid-week meeting at the usual time. Other duties were not neglected; no insistence was made upon the fulfilment by others of a service that from them at such a time would doubtless have been perfunctory. With her it was otherwise. She naturally, habitually, walked apart with Him who was to her 'a little sanctuary in whatever place she dwelt.'"

In time valued associations gathered around

that western home. A second daughter was born there and was named Lydia Shipley, after her grandmother in Philadelphia. In 1859 the marriage of Joel Bean and Hannah Elliott Shipley, mother's youngest sister, gave happiness to the home circle and strength to the community. Joel Bean, a minister lately come out from New England to reside at West Branch, had already made proof of intellectual and spiritual power, while his wife had rich gifts of heart and mind which peculiarly fitted her for her position; in time she too was recorded a minister. "As years passed, their service reached beyond their own land and across two Oceans." With this beloved brother and sister, mother had unbroken fellowship.

Some years later the family removed to Muscatine, an attractive town on the Mississippi. The happy associations of the life there were soon overshadowed by the death of our brother Elliott, in his 29th. year, the only and beloved son. His intellectual tastes and sensitive nature drew him to those of like spirit, rather than to gay social life. He had long before chosen the Master's service and had "kept the faith." "How has the King honored you in sending thus early for your son," was the comforting message to his mother of one who had loved and shared his

friendship and felt the inspiration of his life. This sorrow mother bore without a murmur; she felt that for our dear one "there was the more abundant life, for us a closer bond with heaven."

The following hymn is peculiarly associated with mother. In that and other times of deep need, it was often on her lips, and for years it hung in our living room that any one coming in might share in its comforting words:

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is
stayed on thee.—Isaiah.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

"Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

"So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

"Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee."

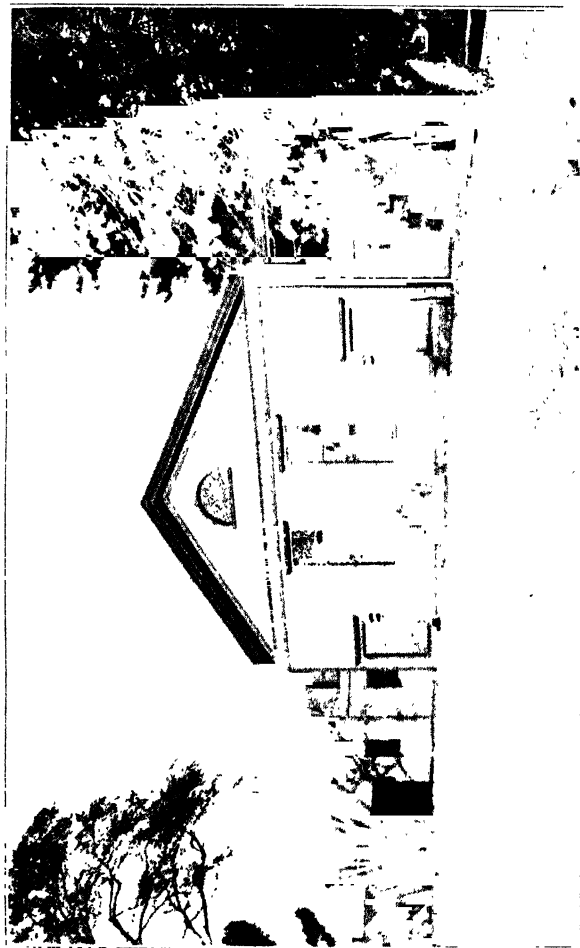
A year later our parents decided to remove to Newport, R. I., their younger daughter being at Westtown Boarding School. A house was

purchased on the corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, near Narragansett Bay and was soon named Sunny Haven.

Within the year of our arrival at Newport, on the 6th. of Twelfth Month, 1872, our dear father, Thomas Winn, passed away. He had looked forward, mother wrote to absent friends, to spending the quiet sunset of advanced life in the new home which was full of tranquil beauty, but He who knoweth our inmost needs saw better things in store for this weary one, and gently, gathered him to the everlasting hills "where the sun will never go down." This bereavement mother met in the strength of Him, who was to her in every sorrow "the God of all comfort."

She took up the ordinary duties of life with even more tender thought than before for the narrowing home circle and for the wider one outside. A time of trouble, she often said, is not the time to leave off serving the Lord. She loved to watch the seabird on the wing, often repeating the lines,

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
tain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."



THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE AT NEWPORT

With the return of summer, doors on and around Washington Street were opened to families who became first mother's neighbors, and, later, many of them, friends for life. They came from Philadelphia, Germantown, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, to occupy their own cottages or to stay at the renowned houses of Mary Ann and Hannah Wilbur and their aunt Hannah Williams. To this group of Friends "the Point" owed much of its charm. Most of their homes were directly on the Bay. They moved in and out of Colonial doorways, the shingled walls were gray with time, leather water buckets hung in the halls in case of fire, and slender piers stretched out into the water with sail or row-boats anchored near; each house had its own story of the past.

Mother's membership had early been removed to Newport Meeting. From the first she had been drawn to the friends who so kindly welcomed the strangers within their gates, and that interest deepened as lines of service opened to her. The Meeting-house had a long history; its oldest walls had stood for more than two centuries, its beams were of oak hewed by hand, the gallery was there in which the slaves sat. George Fox had preached there. The ground on which it was built was owned by William Codington,

a Friend, who was afterwards elected the first Governor of the Colony. In 1700, Governor James Wanton, in his youth a gay cavalier, but who in time became a minister of the Gospel, preached there, and others of note, a long line of men and women who left a goodly heritage to those who followed.

At the time of which we write, David Buffum, Sr., sat at the head of the men's gallery. He was still active in the work of the meeting and possessed those Christian graces which adorn the doctrine. On one occasion a young girl was entrusted with a greeting for him from an absent friend. As she gave it to him, he turned to her with a welcoming smile and said, "Thank thee, my dear, I am glad of the message and glad of the messenger." His country home was one of generous hospitality; most of the English Friends who visited New England in his time had been his guests and others nearer home.

In summer, Marmaduke C. Cope, a valued Elder from Germantown, Philadelphia, used to walk up to the gallery with stately step and take his place there; Murray Shipley, also, of Cincinnati, "a minister whose mind was quick and penetrating and his utterances eloquent." His service both in and out of meeting was inspiring

and with understanding sympathy of life's deepest needs.

New England Yearly Meeting was held at Newport, known in the town as "June Meeting." To this assembly, Friends from Providence, Lynn, New Bedford, and many other places brought the upbuilding of spiritual leadership.

On First day afternoons, open air meetings were held on the grounds and neighboring churches were freely offered for appointed meetings. There was little time for social visiting, for the business was urgent, but there were always some who could find a little space to call at Sunny Haven, and year after year mother's guest book became rich in its record of her Yearly Meeting friends. Among the seniors of that company were Eli and Sybil Jones, whose visit to Syria and work there made a thrilling narrative. Deborah Thomas and Doctor James Carey Thomas, Rebecca Allinson of Burlington, Elizabeth Comstock, Edward L. and Sarah Scull, Rufus P. King and many others were among that valued group. Stanley Pumphrey, of England, was once an honored guest, and his services at meeting were long remembered. One evening by request he gave an address on Peace. His voice was clear and melodious and his argument convincing, closing with Longfellow's stirring lines;

Down the dark future through long generations
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

An Episcopal minister who was present said afterwards, I could take that young man to my heart, I wish he were one of us.

In 1875 an appointed meeting was held at Sunny Haven for the marriage of Murray Shipley and mother's youngest sister, Catharine Morris Shipley. Both had been largely engaged in the spiritual and educational services of their own communities and now their united lives were to continue that effective work. Many of the members of the summer colony on "the Point" attended the wedding and joined in expressions of affectionate interest, for with most there was the bond of life-time friendship.

Mother's membership in Newport Meeting was one of the most valued privileges of her life; in it her ministry reached those of widely different

environment. At one time a large number of fishermen and their families who lived on "the Point" had become members of the meeting and were faithful disciples of our one Master, while in the summer many attended who had come to Newport from the crowding cares and interests of city life, no less in need of spiritual help. Occasionally, mother's daughters heard how her ministry appealed to those not accustomed to the order of Friends. One First day morning, a banker from Philadelphia, a man of mature Christian experience, came under the sound of her voice. Her words seemed to touch a chord in his heart, for he said afterward to his daughter, "Today I have heard the Gospel from the lips of a prophetess."

While heavenly things were first in her thoughts, those of earth had their normal place. She sketched in water colors and crayon and painted on tiles, some of which were used around her own fireplaces. When a new staircase was to be built in Sunny Haven and a bay window added, her drawings left little for the architect to suggest.

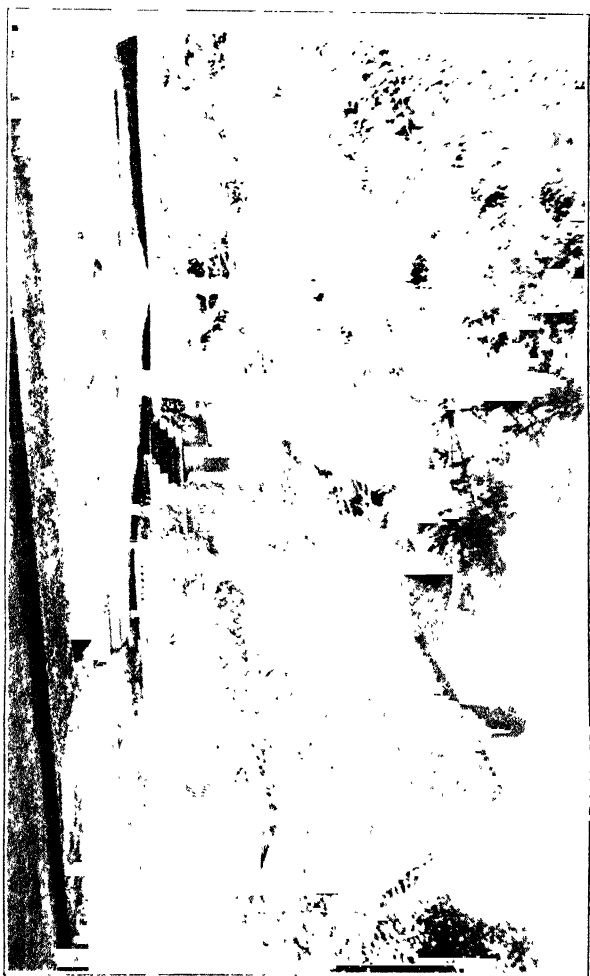
Her garden was a perennial delight, selecting trees and shrubs and having them planted with an artist's eye.

Her friends were part of her very life and her

sympathy reached out not only to those of her own faith, but to many of other communions. She had loving fellowship with any who truly bore the badge of discipleship. Friendship, she often said, is like a plant, it must be watered, and her watering caused many sweet flowers of thoughtful love to bloom for the happy as well as the sorrowing.

In the summer of 1881, her youngest daughter, Lydia, was married to Thomas J. Richards, of Philadelphia, who, while not a Friend, was a man of such fine purposes and Christian standards that his visits to the home were with mother's full approval. As the bride and groom were members of the Reformed Episcopal Church, the ceremony took place in Trinity Church, preceded by a half hour of divine worship at home in the order of Friends. Our Uncle Murray Shipley was present and his words of inspiration will be long remembered. The reception which followed the marriage brought relatives and friends together from Newport and more distant places, and Sunny Haven had seldom seen a more joyous gathering. During the afternoon one of the guests thinking of the outgoing of her child, said a word of comfort to the mother, to which she replied very gently; "But my dear, I am not los-

SENN HAVEN, THE HOME OF NEWPORT



ing my daughter, I am gaining a son!" She spoke truly for the mutual love of that mother and son continued throughout life. How often in later years at Merion, mother would stand by the window or at the head of the staircase in the late afternoon, to welcome home the tired business man with a word of cheer and her own bright smile.

With his parents, too, mother had the happiest relations. They had mutual friends, and Christian fellowship and love for their children made a lasting bond.

The following autumn, a new home was established on Arch Street, near 22nd. Street. Our mother, her daughter Elizabeth, and the bride and groom, forming the family circle. Mother's home being now in Philadelphia for the greater part of the year, she was able to enter more into its various benevolent activities.

She was at one time president of the Infants' Home, and for a longer period directress of the Howard Home. Twelfth Street Meeting was still to her the center of ever renewed privilege. With passing years she had a more intimate knowledge of its members and her heart went out to them individually.

Although her children were not all of the same household of faith, there was absolute har-

mony in our home. She would many times say, "One is our Master."

In the Arch Street home, mother's eldest grandchild was born, Elliott Bartram Richards, being named for his grandmother's family, and his ancestor John Bartram, the naturalist. This event was a joy to all concerned. Within two years her own little namesake was born, Annabella Elliott. In after years her sisters Elisabeth Ellison and Winifrede, completed the nursery-group and filled mother's cup of happiness.

From this dear circle, our precious Annabella passed away in the midst of work for which she had qualified with patient care. But "He whose love exceedeth ours" had need of her and called her from radiant service here to a fuller life above. But that was long after. These were the days of happy childhood and their voices and play were the joy of mother's heart, while they in their turn thought no children had ever had such a wonderful grandmother.

In the year 1887, the family moved to Merion, Penna., where the remaining years of mother's life were spent. She loved the country and took great pleasure in planting trees of which there were only three on the place. Many of those which now cast long shadows in the afternoon light were of her planting in those early days.

In the year 1890, the Pennsylvania Medical Missionary Society was organized in her home, she being elected its first Vice-President. In the members of the new society, she found women whose breadth of vision and Christian spirit met her own desires and the work prospered.

It had seemed best to spend part of each summer at the seashore, especially for the sake of her grandchildren, and a cottage was built at Ventnor, New Jersey, which was named "The Anchorage." Ventnor was then in the midst of sand dunes; wild roses and bayberry grew in abundance. There were three other houses and the Carisbrooke Inn. The other side of the trolley was a hard, white beach, at low tide a playground for children, at high tide a fine surf for bathing.

Mother and her eldest daughter attended Atlantic City Meeting. Sarah Leeds, beloved of all, was then in her prime. Joseph Borton, his brother and their families, Charles Evans and Jarvis H. and Martha L. Bartlett were among the out-standing members; the meetings were usually crowded. One occasion recurs to memory. Mother had gone to Atlantic City without anyone to accompany her. To her friend Sarah Leeds' surprised inquiry, "Friend Winn, is thee

alone?" she replied, "No, dear, I am never alone, my Heavenly Father is always with me."

Mother was much attached to Atlantic City Meeting. It was an ever renewed privilege to her to feel there an open door for the Master's service. But at Ventnor there was no place of public worship. The first year devotional exercises were held in "The Anchorage," on First-day afternoon. The next year, a small church building was erected through the efforts of her children, Thomas and Lydia E. S. Richards. Contributions were given by the members of their own denomination as well as others. The Land Company gave the lot, and there were Friends who gladly lent a hand. The ministers in charge gave their services, those who helped in any way did it for the joy of being fellow workers.

The Church of St.-John's-by-the-Sea was founded in prayer, and during its thirty-one years, the Gospel has been faithfully preached within its walls, representatives of almost every Christian denomination having worshipped there.

The summers at Ventnor stand out in happy memory; guests of the Carisbrooke Inn and others, who in time built cottages there, formed a valued community. The sand dunes and the sweet wild flowers we loved were gone but more enduring treasures had come.

Merion was still the beloved home to which mother returned in autumn, from which she long carried on her various activities.

One of her most interesting experiences was a visit to Washington, in President McKinley's time, accompanied by her eldest daughter. They were the guests of Deborah C. Passmore, who had received cards for herself and her guests for an afternoon "at Home," at the White House.

The picture which now comes back in memory is of the President's wife, who, though unable to rise from her chair, was very gracious in manner, and of mother standing beside her in her Quaker garb, looking down with tender sympathy into the lovely upturned face and holding in her hand a copy of F. B. Meyer's book, *The Shepherd Psalm*, just published, beautiful in the text and in its marginal sketches—the eastern shepherd, the lambs, the crook. Finding it was not in her library, mother asked Mrs. McKinley to accept the little gift. Tears filled her eyes as she took it. Yes, she would gladly read it. They did not meet again on earth, but by faith we see them now in the Heavenly Shepherd's fold, among green pastures and beside the still waters.

For many years, mother's eldest sister, Margaretta Elliott, lived in our family, having long been a semi-invalid. She had naturally a fine

mind and affectionate impulses, but she suffered much. To lighten that burden, mother gave untiring, loving ministrations.

In 1885, our grandmother, Lydia Shipley, died in her 97th year, dearly loved by us all. She had lived through stirring times and had met the vicissitudes of life with confident faith in her Heavenly Guide and Comforter. Her active mind took a keen interest in passing events, and her judgments were sound and charitable. She had a quick sense of humor, and a heart which never grew old. Her last attendance at Twelfth Street Meeting was a few days before she passed away. A brief illness, and then she fell asleep, and "was not, for God took her."

The gradual weakness of age brought no shadow to our beloved mother. Love surrounded her every step, her children were constantly with her to anticipate her slightest need, and her dear grandchildren also, whose developing interests and quick thought for her comfort or pleasure brought much sunshine into those quiet days.

As mother's active duties were laid aside, she had much time for quiet meditation. Among hymns which she had long loved was The Royal Bridegroom, written by her sister Anna Shipley, with whom she had close fellowship; the closing

lines being often at this time the expression of her inmost thoughts.

'Tis but a little longer;
Methinks the end I see.
Oh! matchless love and mercy,
The Bridegroom waits for me;
Waits to present me faultless,
Before His Father's throne;
His comeliness, my beauty,
His righteousness, my own.

Of that blessed consummation, her friend of many years, Dr. William Tracy, wrote: "It was eminently fitting that such a life of faith should have a peaceful and triumphant close. When Christian came to the river, it had overflowed its banks, and its waters were deep and threatening; entering he began to sink, and cried out, 'I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head.' But when Christiana came to the river, its waters were shallow and still and the banks were full of chariots which were come down to accompany her to the city gate. So without fear or struggle she entered the river, and her last words were; 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee and to bless Thee.'

"So graciously did her loving Father arrange the crossing for our dear one and with no wish

unfulfilled, but with a longing for a better appreciation of His goodness and a deeper sense of gratitude for His grace, she passed over the river and in through the gate to be forever with the Lord."

It was on Eleventh month thirtieth, 1908, at the hour of sunset, that she was thus gently called from the light of earth to that of heaven.

A few days later members of her family, some of whom had come a long distance, and many friends gathered at her Merion home for the last hour.

Ministers of her own Society, and others, bore witness to the tender grace of her spirit, and to the years of her public ministry which had been so blessed by the Master, and there were memories, fragrant and precious, of private individual ministry given to the happy or to burdened ones, to any who needed the cup of loving service as her Heavenly Father led the way.

Thus the years passed with deepening joy and quiet confidence, crowned in closing with ineffable peace.

"As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

ELIZABETH C. WINN.

LYDIA E. S. RICHARDS.

Merion, Pa.

